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HENRY MATTHEWS LORD LLANDAFF

THE father of Henry Matthews Lord Llandaff was the fifth son of Colonel Matthews, of Belmont and Bernithen. Ill health had prevented his making a career at the Bar, but as a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, he does not seem to have been inferior in abilities to his brother, Charles Skinner Matthews. His tour on the Continent resulted in the famous *Diary of an Invalid*, which George IV insisted the author should present to him personally. Henry Matthews married Emma Blount, of Orleton, Herefordshire, of a Catholic family old enough to figure on the Roll of Battle Abbey and to have produced the last Catholic Viceroy of Ireland, Blount, Lord Mountjoy.

He died before his son could know him, but he bequeathed to him his abilities, his sense of honour, a certain dreaminess and his artistic temperament. The religious sense came from his mother. From both came the good looks and the extraordinary fascination he exercised on the fair sex, but neither ever led him into vanity; and though honours strewn his path he was not an ambitious man. And neither his successes at the Bar nor among the hearts of women permitted him to forget that he was a member of the Roman Church, and almost a solitary one among the county families of Herefordshire. However, Belmont was sold by Mr. Matthews to prevent its passing into Catholic hands, but a relative of the purchaser, Mr.

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Wegg-Prosser, became a Catholic and the Benedictine Abbey of Belmont is now on the estate.

Lord Llandaff's grandfather had been member for Herefordshire, which he had turned from Whig to Tory. Sir William Gregory, a Speaker under Charles II, had been an ancestor in the male line. Old men who had known and voted for his grandfather told him that "No Matthews could be anything but a loyal Churchman and a Tory," and only regretted they could not support him because he was a Catholic. It was a genuine sacrifice which he was called to make for his religion, and he turned his steps to Ireland where he was returned for Dungarvan. He sat below the Conservative gangway in the Commons, but for his pledge's sake and in conscience he ran the risk of offending the powers of his party by voting against them for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. He was the perfect exemplar of a Catholic in public life, who was always willing to forgo any advantage in the State so that he might do his duty to Holy Church. At the same time, though he voted for Gladstone on the Irish Church he voted with the narrow majority which defeated his Irish University. Though he voted for Irish Disestablishment in the Commons, he afterwards spoke against Welsh Disestablishment in the Lords.

Lord Llandaff was born in Ceylon, January 13th, 1826. The Matthews' are descended from the chieftains of Gwent through Robert Matthews, son of Sir David, of Llandaff, created by Edward IV Grand Standard Bearer of all England. Tobias Matthews became Archbishop of York and died in 1628. His son, Sir Toby, James I's Ambassador to Spain, became a priest and ministered to the Queen Henrietta Maria while Controller of her household. The Irish Earls of Llandaff came of another branch. This was the family title revived by Lord Llandaff. His uncle, Charles Skinner, was the intimate friend of Byron, who termed him in a letter to Hobhouse "a giant of genius and the god of my idolatry." His mother, Emma Blount, had been brought up by her uncle, Joseph Berington, the English Jansenist. It was to her

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credit of heart and character that, when dying as a Judge in Ceylon, Henry Matthews gave her permission to bring up their son in the Catholic Faith, with the sole provision that he was not to go to a Catholic school. The displeasure among the Matthews family was so intense that she settled in Paris till her death. The boy was sent to a school kept by a German Protestant, but at home he was instructed in the Holy Faith. Mrs. Matthews had a place in the brilliant society of Louis Philippe, which Lord Llandaff could remember after seventy years, recalling the salon of Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand. As a boy of sixteen he met George Sand at the house of General Pepe, the Italian patriot. In Mrs. Matthews' circle was Count Bacciochi, a cousin of Louis Napoleon, who came to her before his *coup d'état* of 1852, and later asked her to conceal the Prince President, if a plan of considerable importance were to fail! She promised, but heard the next day that her would-be refugee had become Emperor of the French overnight.

He remembered Lamartine coming to his mother's salon, and much as he loved his poetry he was repelled by the perfectly childish vanity of the man. On the evening of the day he made his great speech against hoisting the red flag on the Hotel de Ville, and thereby saved Paris from a Revolution, he came to their house and Madame de La Chere, Lord Llandaff's sister, said, "Oh, M. de Lamartine, you spoke like an angel!" Whereupon he replied, "Say like a god, madam!" He was present at the famous scene in the Chamber of Deputies when Guizot replied to the crowd of howling demagogues, "Advance, gentlemen, you will never reach the height of my contempt!"

In 1845 Henry Matthews returned almost a stranger to his own country, and became an undergraduate at London University College. At Lord Broughton's house he used to meet the celebrities of the day, including Macaulay, whom he heard once relate without a pause the whole and entire history of Dolls from Cæsar to Queen Victoria! At Lady Otway's he met Louis Napoleon whom he remarked as a silent man speaking with a strong German

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accent, almost repellent in appearance and manner. Later he saw a good deal of the Comte de Paris and thought that a greater contrast between pretenders to the French throne would be difficult. "One a shady predatory adventurer and the other a gentleman lacking force of character, simple-minded and honest."

As a youth his linguistic power enabled him to perform the amazing feat of taking his degree as Bachelier-ès-Lettres at the Sorbonne. As he was only sixteen years of age he was no doubt right in telling his niece, Miss de La Chere, that it was the most severe ordeal of his life. The examiners whom this English schoolboy had to face were Guizot the Prime Minister, Villemain the Minister of Public Instruction, Milne Edwards and Jules Simon, later Prime Minister under the Third Republic!

The same schoolboy was as Home Secretary found discussing Rumanian roots with the Rumanian Minister and was mistaken by Alphonse Daudet for a Frenchman whom he was surprised to see living in England. On asking the reason why, Daudet was naturally astonished at the answer: "Because I am the English Home Secretary." Leopold the Second was interested enough to ask what he thought of him. "Sire, your Majesty's English is perfect," said Lord Llandaff: and "Your French is far better," replied the King.

His overwhelming legal work rather impeded his political career. Though for the first seven years he had little work after being called to the Bar, the Borghese case in 1856 gave him a wonderful opportunity to use his linguistic powers. He established a reputation at the Bar during the interesting winter he spent at Rome.

The Borghese case had enabled him to examine Italian witnesses in their own language. Opposed to him was the famous Italian lawyer, Galenga, a friend and follower of Mazzini, whose nervous temperament affected a mail shirt at that time. In spite of the religious gulf between the counsel, Galenga sent his opponent a cordial letter of congratulation thirty years later on his appointment to the Home Secretaryship, which did honour to both.

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He was interested in meeting a lawyer from Bologna who was the image as well as the son of the Emperor Napoleon the First.

His Catholicism of faith and cosmopolitanism of manner stood him in good stead in his legal career, for no other English lawyer could have achieved what he achieved in the Borghese and Slade cases. The Borghese case concerned the will of the last Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, whose two daughters had married into the Doria and Borghese families.

The death of his mother in 1861, followed by that of three aunts, left him a considerable fortune, but he resisted the temptation to a life of leisure and literature and continued his career. Lord Rowton remembered hearing two very remarkable speeches when he first joined the Oxford Circuit. The first was from Henry James, for whom he predicted a great future, and the second from Henry Matthews, for whom he predicted one yet greater.

The Slade case came to make him famous, and his busiest years were between his defeat for Dungarvan in 1874 and his re-entry for East Birmingham in 1886. As leader of the Oxford Circuit he reaped a golden harvest, but with characteristic generosity he was on the point of giving up the Bar as he wished others to have some of his chances.

The Slade case turned on a match the Hon. Miss Mostyn had made with an Austrian Protestant officer, which Matthews discovered was null and void, because it was not performed by the parish priest but by the chaplain to the officer's regiment, which made it void according to the Council of Trent. This made a subsequent marriage with Sir Frederick Slade legal and their children legitimate. Indeed, Cardinal Wiseman had actually united them in holy matrimony.

The case turned on the questions as to whether by Austrian law the first marriage was invalid, and, if so, was invalid *ab initio* or valid until declared a nullity by a competent court. The case was tried in the Common Pleas before four Judges, who were evenly divided in

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opinion, so the plaintiff failed. The bulk of the evidence was that of experts in Austrian law, and Matthews' skill in the handling of this evidence undoubtedly won the case for the defendant.

Loyal Englishman though he showed himself, Henry Matthews was by race a Welshman and by education French. He claimed that his black hair denoted a Silurian origin. From the age of six he was trained in Paris. Yet he preferred the Austrians to the French, whom he described as superlative in all things, whether in intellect, piety or infamy. His winters in Vienna were among his happiest recollections. He knew all the European capitals and suffered no homesickness for England. Travelling was his great pleasure and, once free from the Home Office in 1892, his first thought was to visit Australia, India and Ceylon, the place of his birth and of his father's grave. America he failed to understand and never visited. But in Rome during the winter of 1856 he went much into the society of three American ladies known as the "Three Jolly Bachelors," of whom one was Harriet Hosmer, the famous sculptress, and another Charlotte Cushman, the actress, who entranced him with her fine recital of "Meg Merrilees."

He had no taste for domestic life or for intimate friends. Independence was very dear to him, independence in travelling and in his associations. He invested his friends with all the virtues and loved an ideal in them which did not always accord with the reality. It needed a sharp awakening to disclose the fact that swans were often geese.

He had to turn to the Catholic priesthood for admirations which did not end in illusion. He frequented Fathers Gavin and Gallwey, S.J., to the last. His ideal was always Père de Ravignan, whom he considered the finest orator in any language. The genius and intellect of Newman were lamps to his path. Cardinal Wiseman had a cosmopolitan's attraction upon another cosmopolitan. Cardinal Manning he disliked personally as most of the Conservative Catholics did. Pope Pius the Ninth he

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liked as a man but Pope Leo as a Pope, holding his to be the strongest force in Europe. He wrote from Rome to Miss de La Chère in 1893: "I have just had an interview with the Pope (Leo XIII) which lasted over an hour. He was most gracious and full of life and talk. But I could not get him on the subject of Ireland and the Irish Clergy on which I wanted to tell him some plain truths. I thought he avoided the subject purposely and was obliged to follow his lead in the conversation. He is a man of keen intelligence and considerable charm." With his great knowledge of continental statesmen he used to place Cavour as the great mind of the century above them all. He was brilliantly successful, so much so that he was thinking of retiring from the Bar and leaving room for younger men, when he was brought into the Dilke case as counsel for Mr. Crawford. According to Sir Charles Darling he delivered "the finest indictment against a man" ever delivered in his hearing. It destroyed Dilke's political career and delivered the Conservative party from the most formidable and gifted leader that Liberalism could set in sight. The case profoundly affected the lives of Matthews, Dilke, Chamberlain, and even of Gladstone. Chamberlain was powerless without Dilke in the Liberal Cabinet, and Gladstone was under considerable pressure from their combination. It was a case where the butterfly had thrown the iron wheel of politics out of gear. Dilke's trial assumed a greater importance than his misfortune should have permitted. The Queen feared and disliked him as much as the Prince of Wales appreciated him. When she read of Matthews' successful offensive, she said to Lord Salisbury, who was taking power after the Liberal collapse: "This man must have office." Lord Salisbury replied, "But he is a Roman Catholic." "What of that?" snapped the old Queen, who disliked the Liberal party more than she did the Pope.

Meantime Matthews had exerted the hereditary power of turning a Liberal seat into Toryism. He was the first Tory to be returned by Birmingham, and had commended himself in Randolph Churchill's eyes for office.

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In 1874 when the Conservatives came into power, Disraeli had told him he was willing to make him Solicitor-General in spite of the objection to his religion, but Matthews had been defeated at Dungarvan and had waited twelve years.

Immediately on becoming Home Secretary Matthews had to face the electorate a second time and was only returned through Churchill's determined pressure on Chamberlain. "The election of Matthews is almost vital to me," he wrote. "If Matthews wins, the credit goes to you; it is your victory. If he loses, it is Schnadhorst's victory." His re-election filled the Scottish Protestant Alliance with dismay and remonstrance at the appointment of a Catholic Home Secretary; but only to rouse Lord Randolph's "astonishment and regret that persons, professing to be educated and intelligent men, arrive at conclusions so senseless and irrational."

Matthews became a great favourite of the Queen, whom he amused by his inimitable power of telling German anecdotes. As Home Secretary he was able to persuade the Queen to receive a Papal Ambassador in honour of a Jubilee, which happily coincided with the sacerdotal Jubilee of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. When the question of his precedence was agitating the timid myrmidons of the Foreign Office, the Queen with a grand gesture clove British isolation and British bigotry at one blow by bidding the Nuncio take the same precedence at her Court as at other Courts of Europe and precede all other ambassadors.

Matthews had a strenuous but not an easy or happy time at the Home Office. He had offended the Radicals by winning a seat from them in Brummagem as well as unhorsing one of the Radical couple whom Cardinal Manning playfully called "Hengist and Horsa." The malignity of Radical and Protestant journalists against him surpassed description, though not Matthews' contempt. Mr. Stead pursued him with particular spleen.

Matthews had such difficult cases to decide as the Maybrick case. Mrs. Maybrick seemed to have poisoned

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her husband, but the weakness of a Judge, who afterwards retired, made it necessary for the Home Secretary to set aside the death sentence on a ground of doubt whether the death had been caused by arsenical poisoning, but he retained her in penal servitude owing to the evidence that the prisoner had ministered arsenic with intent to murder her husband.

- In the case of the Davies boys, who had murdered their father owing to his ill treatment of their mother, a case described as "a squalid Greek tragedy," he allowed the elder to be executed. It was not congenial to his nature to have to review such cases in their finality.

In another case he was attacked for being "as hard as the marble chimney-pieces of Whitehall." *The Pall Mall* very unfairly accused him of wishing to condemn an innocent man in order to strengthen his own reputation for firmness. Of another case he wrote privately: "The case has already caused me much mental agony. It is dreadful to hang both these men and yet I see no ground for mercy."

To Capital Punishment he had an instinctive objection; as he often said, it savoured too much of "an eye for an eye" and of Lynch Law. He used to quote a beautiful letter of St. Augustine in which he says—"I hasten not his death but leave the criminal time for repentance."

His legal handling of the cases referred to him at the Home Office was superb. Every minute he wrote was in perfect English and every opinion was a legal masterpiece. He went extraordinary lengths in his thirst for justice, which remained unquenched even under the most arbitrary and embittered public attack. Labouchere, whom he had offended by once taking part in an election suit, was remorseless and sometimes truthless. Stead was tireless trying to stampede public opinion into a conviction that Matthews must go; a type of campaign which has become too common since. Matthews was unlucky in the magistrates and judges who dealt with the test cases. When called upon in the House to answer a question concerning Miss Cass's arrest, he received an

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answer from the magistrate a few minutes before question time that he was satisfied with the evidence. Matthews declared he was satisfied with what satisfied the magistrate and refused any inquiry. By subsequent investigation he was wholly justified, but meantime the Government lost a division. Both the Maybrick and Lippski cases came before Judge Stephen, who, when the Home Secretary was called upon to exercise the prerogative of mercy, was singularly uncommunicative. Sir Charles Russell afterwards insisted that Mrs. Maybrick, though reprieved from death, was being kept in prison for an offence for which she had not been tried. Matthews realized that she had poisoned her husband and kept her in prison for attempting it, but he gave her the benefit of the doubt which always attaches to arsenical poisoning. But his troubles ceased with the Lippski case. Stead had inflamed the public until a mob were demanding Lippski's reprieve at Buckingham Palace, and people might have believed the Home Secretary was the criminal. Lippski was to be hung on Monday morning and both Friday and Saturday were spent by Matthews and Stephen in fruitless consultation. Matthews even examined witnesses in their native Yiddish. On Sunday they met at five and carried their council into the night, their investigation being only illuminated by bursts of lightning from a thunderstorm which had made applicable the proverb, *Ruat Coelum fiat justitia!* Matthews used to describe the agony of that session. The last effort was being made to find reason for a reprieve and Matthews' whole reputation was at stake. Yet to all that could be brought forward he could only reply that before God he could not do otherwise. A reprieve would only be a surrender to ill-informed agitation and, exhausted as he was, his ears suddenly caught the sound of a voice crying "Extra!" in the night. Nearer and nearer it came and he distinguished the magic word "Confession"! At nine o'clock word of Lippski's confession was brought from the prison. A few hours later he was executed and Matthews sank back, feeling as if an answer had come from God. The

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case enabled him to leave the Home Office in an aureole of glory as the firmest and justest of Home Secretaries.

He was the most painstaking Secretary of State ever known, though he kept officials at a distance through his secretaries. Endowed with a mind of lightning acumen, he was quickly bored by plain and placid bureaucrats and disgusted by the emergency untruths of politicians. He had not asked for office and never showed any personal ambition in its conduct. He told his private secretary that he had called on Lord Salisbury expecting to be offered the Solicitorship-General and was feeling perplexed as to whether he could serve below Webster, who was his junior at the Bar. He was so flabbergasted by the offer of a Secretaryship of State that he left Arlington Street under the impression that he had declined, but, finding himself gazetted Home Secretary the next day, accepted his fate.

He entered into his entirely new duties with an application that the young might envy and an ability that the old could not emulate. On the Oxford Circuit he had been able to keep the Court on a famous occasion in a state of delighted amusement for two hours. Sir Reginald Acland records as one of the memories of his life the cross-examination of a lady whose husband had horse-whipped a man who had been rude to her in a train. The whole case in Matthews' hands became as clever as a good French play with Matthews as leading actor. This acting manner clung to him even when visited in bed by his juniors. To Sir Reginald on such an occasion he resembled the "Uncle" in the immortal *Hunting of the Snark*. The Parliamentary stage he could not capture, chiefly because he refused to play the part of a hypocrite.

One of his characteristics was kindness to his juniors. On the Oxford Circuit he went out of his way to show them favour. When they found it expensive to pay toward the wines drunk at the common mess, he arranged to meet the pockets of the necessitous teetotal. At Gloucester he presented himself for speaking disrespectfully of his juniors and allowed himself to be mulcted in

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the extraordinary fine of three dozen of champagne, reduced on appeal to one. But juniors fined him as no ordinary man. On another occasion at Shrewsbury, though not a 'varsity man, he threw himself with zeal into the boat races organized by counsel and ran cheering down the towpath. Juniors alone caught glimpses behind the scenes of the inner man behind the superficial pleader, of the real warm-hearted Henry Matthews who, ever ready to help another, yet professed the greatest amazement and gratitude whenever anybody proposed to show a little kindness to the inscrutable Leader of the Circuit. On one occasion Sir Reginald Acland, who was proud to "devil" for him, seeing that his eyes were affected, offered to read his brief to him. On going out Henry Matthews stretched out both hands and thanked him with effusive gratitude as though he was the recipient of unexpected and unmerited benevolence. Sir Reginald remembers when on circuit at Birmingham visiting his father's old friend, Cardinal Newman, and declining to discuss what was rather a sacred subject on his return to the mess. Matthews with true delicacy recognized a junior's right to his feelings and afterwards walked a half-hour with him opening his heart to one who looked on him with immeasurable respect. Finally he wrote to Acland that he wished to give his Law Library to "any deserving but struggling junior to whom my well-thumbed Reports might be a welcome help. I have for some time back been shedding many of my possessions, and although I look upon these Reports as old friends and companions of many hard working years, yet I feel they are wasted on me now and they are perishing from disuse in an upstairs room of my house, and my housemaids are rubbing the backs off, and breaking the covers. So I feel they had better go. If Mr. Simon will do me the kindness to accept of them I shall be very glad. I am almost ashamed to offer them for his acceptance, for some of them are in bad condition." And later he wrote to Sir John Simon, "Until I had the volumes taken down from their shelves for removal I had no idea that they were

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in so dilapidated a condition, and I was quite ashamed to send so many volumes tied up like maimed soldiers after a battle. I want partly to remedy this state of things. I should like to send a binder to fetch these away and have them rebacked. Pray forgive the trouble I am giving." Nothing could be more typical than this combined generosity and humility toward a junior long before the latter had reached fame.

An article appeared in the *National Review* written with the cynical frankness of those whose lives are attached to the intimate service of the great. The statement may be disputed that "the Prime Minister was not wise in proposing office nor was Matthews in accepting it"—in view of a letter which Chief Justice Coleridge wrote to Matthews at the close of his office (July 13th, 1892): "But for our difference in politics I might perhaps have written to you about Bristol. As to Birmingham I may truly say I am consoled for your success by the fact of the retention in Parliament of the very best Home Secretary I have ever had to deal with. And I have known some very good ones."

His *Times* obituary allowed Matthews was "a departmental success and parliamentary failure." The truth of such a summary as the sentence "learned, versatile, and accomplished, he missed his mark," was that he had already attained the only mark he had aimed at and was not loth to miss the Parliamentary target.

However divertingly he spoke, he seemed too specious and too subtle to a House which affects bluntness in speech and compromise in principle. And Matthews was the reverse, for in matters of right and wrong he would and could see only one solution. Both in method of speech and conduct of principle he was obviously the opposite to Gladstone, who showed that he had snuffed an antipathy by deliberately leaving the Opposition Bench during Matthews' maiden speech, "though Matthews, with a dramatic movement and a personal reference, vainly endeavoured to stay his departing steps." But Gladstone had his peculiar forms of vengeance for those

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whose public life seemed to contradict him both in theology and policy. While Gladstone was speaking, Matthews had felt unequal to reply, but Randolph Churchill is said to have whispered, "Pretend it is Dilke"! Whatever Matthews was on the Oxford Circuit he failed to deliver the Oxford manner to the House. He was, however, successful in quelling the pomp of Sir William Harcourt in defence of a Police Commissioner, whose resignation Matthews had accepted. "These adamantine natures find it difficult to obey the will of Parliament" was his final and convincing declamation. He was less successful in his refusal to order an inquiry into the conduct of the constable who arrested Miss Cass. Matthews took a legal rather than a sentimental point of view, but the motion was carried against the Government and he himself resigned. In view of the curious ill-luck which made the Eton and Harrow coincide with the case (a Tory majority being as unavailable in the Commons as a Liberal one on a day of more refined attraction, say a Free Church Congress), Lord Salisbury refused to accept his resignation. Matthews came to his opinions in public or private life by due process of law. Sentimentalism was an odious form of loose-feeling. It is not difficult to see how he came to the opinion that Lady Burton was justified in burning the obscene MSS. which might have made her fortune and her dead husband's notoriety.

Matthews' judicial record in the Home Office recalls that of President Taft in the White House. However criticized as politicians, both left behind them the memory and effect of appointments, made with real legal knowledge and unbiased by the claims of party patronage. Taft left judges like Chief Justice White to his credit, and Matthews appointed such London magistrates as Alfred Plowden, John Rose, John Dickenson, Horace Smith and George Denman. Impervious to the jobbery of office, accurate and imperturbable in his decisions, careless of the lower obligations to party and contemptuous of the criticisms of a Stead or a Labouchere, Matthews

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set a standard not for the popularity but for the conscientiousness of future Home Secretaries. Some of his reforms were placed on the Minutes of the Home Office even. Provided strict justice was done, he did not care if governments fell. When seats were lost to the party he noted amicably that their loss hastened the blessed day of his *nunc dimittis*. He was of the rare and disconcerting type of statesman, who believes that his stewardship is finally accounted not to a Prime Minister but to a Divine Judge. His party recognized that belief by elevating him on their return to power to the House of Lords.

Lord Llandaff was the first Catholic to enter an English Cabinet since the time of Queen Elizabeth. Lords Ripon and Emly had joined the Government of Gladstone but neither achieved Cabinet rank. As such he immediately came into conflict with Cardinal Manning. Queen Victoria had favoured a scheme for receiving a Papal Nuncio at St. James', but Manning was determined to have no intermediary between himself and the Holy See. The Cardinal actually went in person to the Home Office to beg the Catholic Home Secretary to stop the preliminaries Lord Salisbury had allowed to be made.

Lord Llandaff was the brain of the English Catholics. A legal or literary career was equally at his beck. As a young man he translated Heine and on his eighty-sixth birthday he rendered the *Dies Irae* into English verse. He could write a humorous account of his Irish Election in the DUBLIN or reply to Premier Combes in the *National Review*. The reply to the French persecutor is a reasonable, courteous and admirable piece of controversy. After retirement from office his championship of the Church came to the front. He loved to use his splendid weapons in her defence. He was ardent and indefatigable in the cause of religion. He held there were only two ways of settling the religious difficulty in schools. The State, as in Germany, could endow all forms of religious instruction or else none. His great triumph was the signal part he took in bringing about the alteration in the

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Royal Declaration. Edward VII at his accession sent for Lord Llandaff and the Duke of Norfolk and expressed the extreme repugnance he felt to the Declaration. The statement which Lord Llandaff then wrote was presented to the House of Lords. It was hailed by the Catholic Union as "a model of full, clear and terse exposition." But the wrong was not redressed for ten years. Its redress was a personal triumph. Essentially religious, logically and traditionally Catholic, he was liberal and tolerant. He could quote Milton as well as Dante to prodigious length. He read the Authorized Version for the beauty of style—in preference to the Douay. He was a founder of Westminster Cathedral, in whose cement so many schools of Catholic thought were united. Though always a fervent and militant Catholic, he supported the establishment of the English Church, including the Welsh dioceses. He said: "The attack upon the Welsh dioceses of the Church of England is of course a preliminary to an attack upon the Church of England generally. I resist it to the uttermost not only as a lawyer but a Catholic. I agree quite with what Cardinal Newman has said in the *Apologia* that at the present day a Catholic's proper attitude towards the National Church is that of assisting and sustaining it, if it be in our power in the interest of dogmatic truth; that we should avoid everything that went to weaken the hold upon the public mind or to unsettle its establishment." As a proof of his sympathies the last public act of Lord Llandaff's life was his attendance in the House of Lords to vote against disestablishment of the Welsh Church.

It is difficult to recall how delightful and irreplaceable a character has passed from the Catholic front line. He was the Catholic Prince Rupert indeed. But Bar and Bench, Catholic or Protestant, recognized no common man in their midst. Mr. John Rose wrote of him: "Tall erect, bright eyed, vivacious, always fashionably dressed. But having regard to his brilliant wit and gallant bearing I think the velvet coat, knee breeches and rapier of the Eighteenth Century would have suited him better."

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He was a fervent Catholic, loyal to her legalisms, scrupulous in her ceremonies. To him they were worth keeping to the letter or they were worth nothing. He could be argumentative with a fair heretic and sometimes that tremendous power of cornering an illogical or careless witness would bring feminine tears. His fascination for the fair was strong. Bernal Osborne once asked a devoted admirer: "Lady —, do you still follow the Gospel according to St. Matthew?" But he was at his best when matched with his intellectual fellows, with Arthur Balfour or Lord Halsbury. In Philosophy or in Law he was their match. He had the imagination which Balfour had not, and he was as profoundly versed in Canon Law as Halsbury was in the Common Law, which gave him his advantage. The English lawyer who is outside any knowledge of the ecclesiastical law remains a little of a barbarian and outside the tradition of Europe.

Scanty to himself, he was charitable to his neighbour in the overwhelming way that is recorded of James Hope, who also spent his mighty earnings at the Bar on religious works. He deplored the begging made necessary to the clergy and wished to introduce the *Bonifacius-verein* from Germany. His last years he used to insist were due to the expiation of the foibles of his youth. He invested the great pains he suffered with their purgatorial value. While his faith never wavered, even to insisting with amusing paradox to Protestant friends that he gloried in his religion, he suffered from the inability which the best of Catholics may experience in not being able to love God personally. This escaped from him one day, not in a complaint but in a real cry of distress, though when a friend suggested he should not worry but let God love him he seemed content. But he could love God in his neighbour, and his generosity could lead him, not only to enter several hundred pounds at the auction of a friend's goods, but to go and bid furiously against himself until the auctioneer stopped the sale to inquire if Lord Llandaff knew that he was bidding for silver by the ounce!

Lord Llandaff died in 1913. As he had arranged some

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years before his death, he was buried in the ancestral graveyard of Clehonger, the Anglican vicar permitting Catholic rites to be performed by the Prior of Belmont. It was curious, for he had taken a vigorous part in supporting the case of the Quebec clergy who had appealed against permitting the burial of a seceder from the Catholic religion in a Catholic cemetery. He had fought the case before the Privy Council to the last quibble and to the final legalism. But the Anglican Church, being a Church by law established, is less bound to the letter of the law than a Church like the Catholic, which is a law to itself. Since the conversion of Toby Matthews there had been no Catholic in the Matthews family, but his magnificent defence of the Establishment in the House of Lords was a sufficient excuse for Anglican tolerance, which was even more signally exemplified by the Dean of Hereford Cathedral, who permitted his niece, Miss de La Chere, to affix a tablet to his memory with a Catholic inscription in the sacred fane which commemorates so many of his ancestors. The inscription reads :

To the Glory of God and the Honoured Memory of The Right Honble Henry Matthews Visc. Llandaff, Member of His Majesty's Privy Council, Secretary of State for the Home Department 1886-1892. Born 13 Jan. 1826. Died 3 April, 1913. R.I.P.

SHANE LESLIE.

Mr. John Rose has made the following contribution towards any possible biography of Lord Llandaff :

"It would be vain to bracket him with some other barrister of his time. For he was not 'true to type.' By birth, character, temperament, training, tastes and even demeanour he differed from the rest of us. Moreover, he had a touch of genius and the Dry Profession eyed him uneasily. Perhaps he might have enjoyed life and shone more as a Colonel of cavalry, a terror to his cautious Brigadier, or as Ambassador to some more polished Court than one of Law, but he did not much mistake his vocation

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in going to the Bar, although he was probably attracted by obsolete ideals. His swift-working, acute mind was apt for legal studies. He had read well, if somewhat contemptuously, with the eyes of a jurist rather than those of a practitioner, our unscientific textbooks, and if he had lived in the best days of special pleading he would have found a chessplayer's joy in that curious art. He had a fanciful imagination and vivid sense of humour which would sometimes upset not only his hearers but even his contentions and himself. To see him, a master of verbal fence, sometimes hit by the shrewd retort of a rustic witness, suddenly toss up his stiff silk gown and drop back into his seat chuckling merrily at his own droll discomfiture, was a sight for the good-natured. Strange to say of a man so versatile and talented, he was methodical and accurate in his work. He read his briefs, however many, and noted them himself. Dates, figures, facts were arranged and remembered. He either could not or would not use the notes of a 'devil.' At consultation he was neither overbearing nor ingratiating toward his client, but rather formidably courteous. Yet woe betided the sanguine solicitor who ventured to tell him the good points of the case. 'I have read my brief, sir,' the Leader would say coldly and at once enlarge on the weak ones, the Junior interjecting authorities and matters for consideration to support the action or defence. An 'aside' from him to the depressed client that all would go well at the hearing could hardly restore confidence. However the Leader's resolute habit of examining both sides never daunted the spirit with which he presented the one he undertook to uphold. He was an advocate whose style was that of Hortensius and not that of Sergeant Buzfuz. If he was sometimes 'over the heads of the jury' he never talked down to them. Compared with rivals of less distinction he was not such an effective cross-examiner and jury-master as they were. Certain forensic arts he scorned to use and perhaps through this fastidiousness lost some ordinary professional renown. Frighten a witness, flatter a judge, glance at the gallery he never

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did. But the attention with which critical young men at the counsel's table listened to him seemed to inspire him more than his cause. They admired him and, although he by no means wore his heart upon his sleeve, he was well liked. He had much to say at table on lighter subjects, having both travelled and read beyond the beaten tracks. Sometimes over the wine he was persuaded to recite Macaulay's 'Battle of Naseby' or Coleridge's 'Christabel.' If occasion arose for a speech he made an eloquent one in which felicitous quotation was substituted for common-place. In the Circuit Records will be found his farewell address to a Queen's Counsel, whose worth he justly praised in a few fine lines from Crabbe, and whose personal characteristics he genially mocked in a verse from Virgil, bidding each of us '*Sis memor et te repetentem exempla tuorum . . . avunculus excitet Hector.*'"

Sir Charles Darling has supplied us with a more elaborate testimonial: "Henry Matthews! The name recalls all that was fullest and brightest on the Oxford Circuit. To me then all Leaders were as planets in their courses, but one soon got to know the orbits in which they revolved all but that of Henry Matthews. 'A bright particular star' he was, and dwelt apart indeed, and yet he gave very freely of his conversation and his company to the Mess, where Leader and Junior met as members of the same family. It was just here that he was like the child in the fairy-books, who, seemingly like the rest, has yet all the while an odd affinity with the denizens of another world, one where the law of gravitation does not always hold, nor two and two inevitably make merely four. If he didn't exactly controvert your views on these and similar points you suspected that, passing your time where unfortunately there was no fourth dimension, your limit in many directions was in the circumstances no disadvantage, since it secured from him an interest in you not altogether free from an intellectual condescension. Perfectly friendly he was to us all, intimate truly with

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none. The Bar was to him an abstraction apparently, for whose honour he was most jealous, whose interests he had at heart and would maintain all the more eagerly because he was personally in no way dependent on his profession. If it be asked whether he was a good advocate I think it must be said that in the commonplace way he was not, though he won his causes. The usually successful advocate, wisely enough, takes always the line of least resistance on the road to his end. Henry Matthews pleaded for the pleasure of it and he conducted a case just as he rode to hounds, disdaining the open gates and practicable gaps and enjoying the obstacles. All of us knew that if he insisted most on the worst points in his case it was not because he did not know their badness. He probably, for he was a fine lawyer, knew of more reasons against his contention than did any of his opponents. But this merely added to the joy of battle. His arguments and his attitudes as he delivered them alike resembled the work of an accomplished swordsman. Often did they bring to mind Scott's lines :

‘But trained abroad his arms to wield,
FitzJames’ blade was sword and shield.’

Indeed, I remember him once accuse a heated opponent, who could no better than the jury comprehend the terms of the accusation, of a skill ‘with his *punta* and *passata*,’ highly embarrassing and dangerous, for Matthews knew that he was watched by many of the Juniors with an appreciation of his strokes not common to the occupants of all the benches and was not above contributing to their entertainment. His manner in court or in ordinary conversation was remarkable, distinctive, and all his own. Over-emphasis was the mark of it perhaps, and some exaggeration of statement, always, however, redeemed from ridicule by the frank laughter with which he himself acknowledged the over-colouring of his own picture. It was inevitable that, enriching as he often did the details of squalid litigation with illustrations and analogies drawn from wide reading and romantic experience, he should

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exhibit side by side complete incongruities, but he was always saved from embarrassment by perceiving them himself first. At Mess he would carry the conversation away perhaps back into the Italy of the *rinascimento*, even into the Spain of the Cid, for in the *Juris-peritus* there lurked much of the Paladin. His memory was stored with history and reminiscence and he had that happy faculty, which few possess, of being able to draw upon it at any moment. As a lawyer he was one of the most learned of his time, so accurate, so conscious of the nicest distinctions, that, being a Catholic, he was often called a 'Jesuit' by those whom his mental processes rendered vaguely uncomfortable. But I found him in the House of Commons in no way regarded as he was on the Oxford Circuit. Even his splendid ability was recognized by few there. He misunderstood the Commons and they could not forgive him. He was not made to any of the stock patterns, and this fact, which had commended him to Randolph Churchill, condemned him with the rest. His vivacious manner they called French, and the judgment of the Public School from which there is no appeal went against him. He failed, therefore, where Lord North and Mr. Smith succeeded. There was nothing about Henry Matthews to suggest either the lawyer or the squire. The family place had been sold, but for a time he rented it. The guests were exotic and the talk was little of the Government and nothing of the neighbours! For he was a citizen of the world and its critic, most tolerant as to practices, unbending as to errors in dogma. Loose thinking shocked him more than looser conduct. I have heard him compliment his horse on the possession of merits for which he looked in vain amongst mankind, careless or unconscious that he was overheard. The charm of his talk is as impossible to describe as to convey the fugitive aroma of a wine in the conventional commendations of vintners. *Esprit* there always was in plenty, but not *de l'escalier* or of the lamp."

ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND

[We are glad to publish a fine estimate of Archbishop Ireland to balance the brilliant account published in the DUBLIN of October, 1919, of his episcopal rival, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester. An American Archbishop writes to us : "The Bishop of Rochester was a hard hitter and a picturesque character. His letters may be more piquant than historical. The two old men became good friends, visited each other and the Archbishop went so far as to buy the very acid wine of Rochester for sacramental purposes." With the late James J. Hill, Archbishop Ireland achieved the position of an empire-builder, for the two practically made the north-west and became for thirty years the two vibrant and potent characters of those states. James J. Hill laid the railways and built the Seminary. Archbishop Ireland laid the foundations of the new Dioceses, and James J. Hill's ultimate reception into the Catholic Church was a greater compliment to Archbishop Ireland than even the possible Cardinalate. Dr. Smith is right in pointing out the national disappointment caused by that delay which was due rather to Rome's slow patience than to any studied neglect on her part. Archbishop Ireland was a Cardinal *in petto*. Both Cardinals Gibbons and Gasquet received personal assurances from the present Pontiff, which showed that only the close of the war was necessary before an honour would be conferred which had been vetoed from the same source as Cardinal Rampolla's elevation to the Papacy. The good relations between Washington and the Vatican were largely initiated by Archbishop Ireland. He was nearly able to mark world history by his attempt with Senator Elkins and Jules Cambon to avert the Spanish-American war and it is said only failed by an hour's delay in a telegram.—S.L.]

WHEN Archbishop Ireland passed away, Catholic American opinion about him was neither clear nor decisive. He had roused that opinion so often and so sharply, had forced it to take sides and to make decisions when it preferred quiescence, that it could not decide whether to esteem or to decry him. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia in a banquet speech once named him "the consecrated blizzard of the north-west," amid

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laughter and applause. Father McMillan, the Paulist, used to show a portrait of an Indian chief in full regalia, which he declared was Dr. Ireland as an honorary member of a tribe. It was a pleasant reminder of the Archbishop's profile. He was known to be a direct, clever, audacious personality. Men disputed about him as they did about Roosevelt, with heated contradiction; nevertheless the American people as a whole never had any doubt about him, accepted him as a powerful representative of a great institution, and would have acclaimed the Pope who made him a cardinal. They could not understand Rome's hesitation on that point. When Dr. Ireland died only Cardinal Gibbons equalled him in popularity, and no American churchman in actual influence at home and abroad. It will astonish the easy-going Catholic American body when his biographer displays his activities and his far-reaching influence. We are so accustomed to the domesticated prelate, who will rarely express an opinion publicly and regards with suspicion the bishops who do, that men like Gibbons and Ireland become portents. Before them there were only four that appealed to the American public on live issues, Carroll of Baltimore, England of Charleston, Hughes of New York and McQuaid of Rochester.

Three simple circumstances shaped Ireland's life, gave him his opportunities, and helped to crown his career. His bishop sent him to France for his studies; after his ordination he became a chaplain in the army of the Civil War; and his missionary life was passed in the great north-west at the period of its development. His French schooling gave him command of the French language, the entrée into French clerical circles, and some power in European diplomacy. As a chaplain and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic later, he became the orator of notable occasions and a familiar figure in American life. As a missionary bishop of the north-west he saw at first hand the great problems of the time, the needs of the pioneer, the value of colonization, the evils of drink, and came into close touch with such men as James J. Hill, the

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great railroad builder of the region, whose enterprise opened to immigrants the immense territories between the Lakes and the Pacific slope. Keeping these three circumstances in mind, the life of Dr. Ireland becomes as clear and simple as a map. For half a century he walked the paths of north-west development of American progress on American lines, and of European diplomacy where its lines crossed those of his Church or his nation. There was never any doubt as to his aims, except where prejudice and folly took part in the discussion. In the best sense of the word he was the most American of the hierarchy in spirit and in act, a fact that stood out with wonderful clearness in the conditions created by the great European War.

His name began to resound in this nation in 1881 just as James Garfield reached the presidential chair. At that moment Cardinal McCloskey was the great figure in the public eye and in the Catholic mind. The press had paid flattering attention to his elevation to the Sacred College. He was now in declining health, and therefore his Coadjutor, Archbishop Corrigan, was the second great figure in the public eye. All the bishops looked to him, for he was young, handsome, well educated and informed, of an engaging personality, and had been trained in Rome. The episcopal tradition at that time was clerical decorum and taciturnity carried to the extreme. American Protestants had never taken kindly to the growth of the Catholic Church in the Republic. Anti-Catholic movements in 1835 and in 1850 had roused dark emotions and stirred mobs to violence, arson and murder. The reticent and cautious bishops had even complained against Archbishop Hughes of New York that his appeals and defiance to the just and the unjust, made with startling publicity, had brought trouble on the Church; to which Dr. Hughes truthfully replied that his city and diocese alone had been spared scenes of violence and murder in "know-nothing" times. The bishops clung to their reticence, and Archbishop Corrigan at the beginning was a model in this respect. Archbishop Ireland held another view.

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He had spoken at many Grand Army meetings and received hearty acclaim. His first notable public speech was at the opening of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (November 10th, 1884), and his theme the Catholic Church and Civil Society. The opening paragraph gives a good illustration of his method:

"There is no conflict between the Catholic Church and America. I speak beneath this cathedral dome as an American citizen no less than as a Catholic bishop. The Church is the mother of my faith, the guardian of my hopes for eternity ; America is my country, the protectress of my liberty and of my fortunes on earth. I could not utter one syllable that would belie, however remotely, either the Church or the Republic ; and when I assert, as I now solemnly do, that the principles of the Church are in thorough harmony with the interests of the Republic, I know in the depths of my soul that I speak the truth."

An exordium of this character prepared the way pleasantly for a clear exposition of relations between the Church and the Civil Order. The preacher denounced with vigour those pets of American university professors, orators and editors, Hobbes and Rousseau, also the French Revolution, Socialism and Anarchy. He appeared for the first time in his most notable character as expounder and defender of the teachings of Pope Leo XIII. His conclusion, answering the question, What is the attitude of the Catholic Church towards a republican form of government ? was as follows :

"It is for the people to speak ; it is for the Church to consecrate and enforce their will. When, under due conditions, the people have constituted a government over themselves, whatever form, in itself legitimate, their government may have, the Church commands obedience to it. It is consequently Catholic doctrine that in America loyalty to the Republic is a divine precept, and that resistance to law is a sin crying to heaven for vengeance. To the Republic in America the Church accords the honour and respect due to the representative of divine authority in temporal matters, and her prayer

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for the Republic is that it may secure to the people what its professions permit them to expect—the largest possible share of civil liberty.”

The Third Plenary Council brought many important matters to a working solution. The saloon had ever been a vicious instrument for debasing a neighbourhood socially and politically; the Council, in the face of strong opposition, recommended Catholics to keep out of the business, and those in it to depart as soon as possible. Considering the recent success of Prohibition, this measure was providential. The educational system had been growing fairly, somewhat raw in parts, but with determination behind it. It was decided to crown it with a university at Washington. Dr. Ireland took a leading part in all these measures, and was on the committee to make the final arrangements with the Holy See. At the close of the Third Plenary Council a ferment began in the Church in America, whose picturesque affairs succeeded one another almost up to the Great War, holding the interest of Americans generally for a quarter of a century. In the consequent upheaval Dr. Ireland became the foremost churchman of his day, the most aggressive and combative, and perhaps the most successful. There had always been friction of a decorous sort on education, temperance, labour, Ireland and non-Catholic or secular organizations. When the race question became a factor it intensified all the others. Irish Catholics were attached mostly to the Democratic party, German Catholics to the Republican. The Irish were what is called “good mixers,” mingling freely in business, politics and social life with Americans, and inclined to moderation and compromise. The Germans lived among themselves more, clung to the German tongue, built up church, school, convent, press and society on German lines, opposed temperance and total abstinence movements, shut out the American Protestant as much as possible, and their extremists held that the faith of the children depended on the constant use of the German language. An intense struggle had begun between the two races for

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the appointment of bishops. As each contest closed on the Roman Curia, various influences began to work for the candidates. In turn the leading countries of Europe were appealed to in behalf of racial nominees. Even little Quebec had something to say about the episcopal appointments in New England. Only a match was needed to set all this dry wood afire. The notable Dr. Edward McGlynn provided the match for a conflagration which burned for two decades.

Dr. McGlynn, as rector of St. Stephen's Church in New York City, was popular, a true orator, a leader of the people, and a commanding personality. He had much to say on the Irish question, the labour question, and the building up of little Europes on American soil, which was not regarded as sound Americanism. Dr. McGlynn had become popular with Americans in general and with certain classes by his attacks on Capitalism, British rule in Ireland, and the little Europes in America. When he finally took to the platform in behalf of Henry George's theories, aiding George in the fight to become Mayor of New York, Cardinal Simeoni seized the opportunity to suppress him through the Archbishop of New York. Forbidden to attend a meeting, and disobeying the episcopal order, Dr. McGlynn was suspended, later expelled from his rectorship, and finally excommunicated. For six or seven years he carried on war against Simeoni and Dr. Corrigan from the public platform and in the press. The excitement extended throughout the nation. The three questions with which Dr. McGlynn was most concerned became vital topics of the time, and everything seemed to happen at once. The labour people supported him and denounced his superiors and enemies. The Irish accused England of secret diplomacy against the popular orator. The advocates of a robust Americanism supported his contentions with enthusiasm.

Then there suddenly appeared on the scene a portent to which was given the name of Cahenslyism. Herr Cahensly, an Austrian, charitably interested in Catholic European immigration to America, had made a tour of

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the Republic, and presented a memorial to Propaganda asking for various reforms in American conditions. It was not flattering to the English-speaking bishops of the country with regard to their treatment of the immigrant. Dr. Ireland was in Rome about this time on the business of the Catholic University, and found the Vatican presses setting up the memorial of Herr Cahensly. He cabled the American archbishops of the matter, received full authority to act in their name, made an emphatic protest to Propaganda, and succeeded in having the Cahensly memorial dropped for the moment. The Catholic American press was instructed by the bishops to take up the matter, and Cahenslyism for a time divided public interest with Dr. McGlynn. Thus all the great questions of the Church in the Republic came to a head at the same moment. Dr. Ireland had a large share both in the mêlée and in the final settlement. It was a case of everybody talking at once. Americans were amazed at the space given Catholic questions by the secular press. In the midst of the uproar the centenary of the American Hierarchy was celebrated in Baltimore in November, 1889. It found the Catholic body in a great ferment, the first in a century from internal causes. The centenary was celebrated splendidly. Archbishop Ireland preached at the evening service and the Baltimore Cathedral was crowded, both because of the occasion and of the disturbed minds of Catholics. Naturally his address delicately reviewed the situation. The next day the first and only Catholic congress was to be held, and two days later the Catholic University was to be opened in Washington. Never before had the Church in America stood forth so clearly in her youthful strength, her success and her difficulties, and never before had the interested and puzzled non-Catholics listened and gazed in her direction with such intensity. Dr. Ireland's address was a marvel of delicacy, boldness and eloquence. I can give only a few quotations :

"The work which in God's providence the Catholics of the United States are called to do within the coming

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century is twofold : to make America Catholic, and to solve for the Church universal the all-absorbing problem with which religion is confronted in the present age."

"The conversion of America should ever be present to the minds of Catholics in America as a supreme duty from which God will not hold them exempt."

"The watchwords of the age are reason, education, liberty, the amelioration of the masses. Nor are these words empty sounds. They represent solid realities which it is noble in the age to strive for."

"There is need of thorough sympathy with the country. The Church in America must be of course as Catholic as in Jerusalem or Rome ; but so far as her garments may be coloured to suit environment, she must be American. There is danger : we receive large accessions of Catholics from foreign countries. God witnesses they are welcome. I will not intrude on their personal affections and tastes ; but these, if foreign, shall not encrust themselves upon the Church. Americans have no longing for a Church with a foreign aspect ; they will not submit to its influence. Only institutions to the manner born prosper ; exotics have but sickly forms."

"These are days of action, days of warfare. It is not the age of the timid and fugitive virtue of the Thebaid. Into the arena, priest and layman ! Seek out social evils, and lead in movements that tend to rectify them. Speak of vested rights, for this is necessary ; but speak too of vested wrongs, and strive by word and example, by the enactment and enforcement of good laws, to correct them."

"It is deplorable that Catholics grow timid, take refuge in sanctuary and cloister, and leave the bustling, throbbing world with its miseries and its sins to the wiles of false friends and cunning practitioners. Leo XIII speaks fearlessly to the world of the rights of labour : Cardinal Lavigerie pleads for the African slave ; Cardinal Manning interposes his hand between the plutocratic merchant and the working man of the docks : Count de Mun and his band of noble-minded friends devote time

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and talent to the interests of French labourers. But as a body Catholics are quietness itself."

This striking address reads at this moment, over thirty years later, as pointedly as on the night of its utterance. It touched in delicate fashion upon the main problems of the Church in America. Four of them demanded immediate settlement, namely, Cahenslyism, the McGlynn struggle, the support of the new university, and the Catholic attitude to labour interests. All four bristled with difficulties, carried minor problems in their train, and were entangled in racial prejudices of all kinds. By the year 1890 Dr. Ireland had firmly established his influence at Rome. He had become the expositor and defender of the policies of Leo XIII. His book of sermons and addresses, entitled *The Church and Modern Society*, amply displays this devotion. Certain features of these policies were most distasteful to Catholic conservatives everywhere, whose attacks and neglects demanded defence and exposition. His influence in Rome made him a factor in settling the more acute questions. He could speak with the authority of the American episcopate, who often made him their representative. Short work was made of Cahenslyism. Its ill effects continued for a decade, but they were purely local, as the snake was scotched in Rome. The McGlynn trouble was not ended until 1893. Archbishop Corrigan always treated the McGlynn question as merely diocesan, which he was to settle at his convenience. When a conference of archbishops brought it up at a conference in Washington, he protested against its discussion, and left the room when the protest was ignored. Archbishop Satolli was commissioned by the Pope in 1893 to dispose of the question amicably and justly. He secured from Dr. McGlynn a statement of his economic views in harmony with Catholic principles, brought about a reconciliation between him and his Ordinary, and had him reinstated in the diocese. The labour question for the moment had a curious ending. The New York Central, a powerful railroad monopoly, had chosen to make war on a labour organization called the Knights of

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Labour, whose members were in its employ. This society had already caused some anxiety by its rapid spread and an apparent trend towards Socialism, so that in the diocese of Quebec Cardinal Taschereau had publicly condemned it and forbidden it to his people. The Roman Curia had so authorized him. About the same time Cardinal Gibbons had sent the Holy See a letter of advice and explanation on certain American matters. The letter had been drawn up by a group of archbishops. Among other things it discussed the Knights of Labour in a friendly way, urging the Pope to refrain from interference with them, on prudent grounds. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* managed to get a copy of this letter in Rome, and its publication in New York was a sensation of the hour. The labour legions were gratified, the Quebec incident lapsed into insignificance, and Cardinal Gibbons became a popular hero. The New York Central, however, kept up its fight on the Knights of Labour until it finally drove them out of existence. It remained a leading incident in the struggle with Capitalism, which is keener at this moment than ever before in American history. The support of the University at Washington was from the start very difficult. Some thought the institution premature; the Cahenslyites denounced it as a mainstay of that Americanism which was later to draw a letter of denunciation from Leo XIII; American Catholics generally welcomed it as a mark of progress and a pledge of our release from Europeanism. Its history up to date was secretly tumultuous and publicly uncertain, in which it was a mirror of the general Catholic condition. It survived all attacks and hardships, proved its right to existence, and now under the direction of Bishop Shahan is a genuine sign of American progress and vitality. Needless to say that in these important matters Dr. Ireland was a mighty factor, probably the most vigorous and insistent in the contests at home and in Rome. The majority of the bishops supported him, but they did not always approve of his method of attack and defence.

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He stood alone in the matter of compromise schools. He contended that a century must elapse before Catholics could create a system of schools able to take care of all the children. Meanwhile what was to become of the children brought of necessity in the public schools? To illustrate what might be done he introduced his compromise school in the towns of Stillwater and Faribault, Minnesota, in which the cities paid for the support of these parochial schools, on the condition that during school hours no religious emblems be displayed, no religious exercises carried on, and no religious instruction be given. As Catholic teachers taught in these schools, brothers or sisters or laymen, and as devotions and instructions could be given before and after school hours, Dr. Ireland maintained that the compromise school would save the children from a godless education. His opponents contended that the compromise school would empty the existing parochial schools, hinder the development of an educational system, and annihilate Catholic interest in genuine Catholic education. The question was brought before Rome, and Dr. Ireland won it in the famous decision: *Tolerari potest*. His opponents adopted the tactic of proving to non-Catholics how very Catholic in essentials was the compromise school, which so frightened civil authorities in Minnesota that the towns dropped the scheme. The compromise school disappeared from the American educational scheme.

Its promoter's popularity and influence were now international. Pope Leo had long desired to place an apostolic delegation in the American Republic, but hesitated between the opposition of certain bishops and the hostility of the sects, who watched and discussed angrily every step forward of the Catholic body. Only one apostolic delegate had entered the United States, Monsignor Bedini in 1858, and his visit resulted in various riots, some bloodshed, and much ill feeling. Leo XIII had now such confidence in Archbishop Ireland and his supporters that he appointed Archbishop Satolli Delegate Apostolic to the Church in America and asked Dr. Ireland

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to seat him securely in Washington. This was done without tumult. Dr. Ireland had always supported earnestly the Republican party, which at this moment was in power, various influences smoothed the way, and Satolli opened his residence in Washington simply and quietly. Some excitement was stirred up in New York, but it died away speedily. With the opening of the present century all the leading questions had obtained some sort of solution. Cahenslyism was dead, Labour had adopted another policy, the University had found a secure footing, the compromise school was dead, the education question had been settled, Dr. McGlynn lived peaceably in his country parish, the saloon had been forced into bonds, the shadow of Prohibition was rising, the Irish question had become international, and the little Europes in America still pursued the building-up process, but their fate was close at hand. The leaders in these controversies had ceased to display further interest and the Church was really at peace. Dr. Ireland, having been a storm centre in many questions, found himself a hero in one quarter, a suspect in another ; but he was ever a favourite with the American public, to whom he could speak with the intimate note. Besides, he was beloved of the Republican party and its leaders, he had the entry into all circles in Washington, and Leo XIII, with his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, sought his advice and aid.

How far his influence reached is not easily determined at this moment. When difficulties with Spain sprang up on account of Cuba, he strongly supported President McKinley in his plan to avoid war. The explosion of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbour upset all plans and brought on the war which made Cuba independent, and presented the Republic with the Philippines. He had much to do with the settlement of Church affairs in the new American possessions. He was sent to France by the American Government to present that country with a statue of Lafayette, purchased by the pennies of American school children. He had already aided the Pope and Rampolla in their difficult policy toward the third French

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Republic, a policy of friendliness and conciliation, doomed for a time to failure. He addressed French gatherings on several important occasions, and also the clergy. His temperament and theories revolted at the sight of the French "sacristy priest," deserted by his congregation, insulted in public by atheists, content to live solitary in his sacristy, praying and fasting for the renegades and apostates. He urged this class to go to the market place and preach the gospel. He described for them the American priesthood and method. In a solemn address at Orleans on the occasion of a Ste. Jeanne d'Arc anniversary, he described for his audience the success of American Catholics under a republic, to which Catholics were as loyal as to the Church. In June, 1893, when all the problems named were in ferment, he was invited to address a Parisian audience on American conditions. Dr. Ireland was on his way home after an important conference with Pope Leo. Melchior de Vogue, Leroy-Beaulieu, and Albert de Mun were on the committee of invitation, twelve hundred notable people composed the audience, and the Vicomte de Vogue introduced him. I quote a few paragraphs from the Archbishop's speech :

"Formerly Americans thought that Catholics aimed at importing ideas of monarchy and imperialism into the United States, and that the Catholic Church could not be reconciled with the principles of the Republic ; not so now. The Church has breathed the air of the Republic and has prospered. No one to-day doubts the patriotism of Catholics. Some time ago in one of our cities a lecturer announced as his subject, 'The Roman Catholic Church the Enemy of Republican Institutions.' He was at once told that his subject was out of place and would not be listened to, 'for the most ardent adherents of republican institutions in this city are the Roman Catholic bishop and priests.' Recently, as your papers have informed you, a memorial was addressed by some Catholics to the Holy See asking that, in the nomination of bishops in the United States, the question of nationality be taken into account, and that German, Italian, French, Polish,

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and Bohemian priests be appointed in proportion to the number of Catholics in their respective nationalities. The American Episcopate at once forwarded to Rome a formal protest against this memorial, and their protest was heeded. Had the memorial been listened to by the Holy See, the episcopate of America would now be an object of suspicion to the Government, and Catholics would be looked upon as foreigners encamped upon the soil of the Republic. We choose our bishops, and we will always choose them, from among priests worthy of the episcopate, irrespective of their origin or nationality; we will never allow foreigners to impose bishops upon us. In civil matters we have, as you are aware, our Monroe Doctrine. Let Europeans, we say, arrange their affairs as they think best. Americans will arrange theirs as they think best. In religious matters we recognize willingly and loyally the supreme authority of Christ's Vicar, the Pontiff at Rome; but let no one imagine that our country is a Congo to be partitioned at the good pleasure of foreigners. We have under Peter's successor our autonomy, and for the sake of the American Church and of the American Republic, we will maintain that autonomy. As a citizen of a republic, I recognize this evening a special obligation to the country through which the approbation and the benediction of the head of the Church have come to the republican form of government. I must give expression to the gratitude which wells up in my heart to-night for the great country which gave to Leo XIII the occasion 'to canonize the Republic.' Heretofore when I came to Europe I heard it whispered about that I was a dangerous man, that I believed in democracy, that I loved republics. Indeed, it was darkly hinted that I was almost a heretic. All that even friends would say to me was: 'Your ideas may pass current in far America where people are not yet fully civilized.' To all this I made little reply. Certainly I had not at the service of my mind and heart the strong, proud words which are to-day upon my lips. Arriving in Rome a few months ago, I heard from the summit of the Vatican

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Hill: 'Of all the forms of civil government which the Church has recognized and of which she has made trial, she cannot say from which she has received more harm or good.' Just now she is resolved to make trial in France of the republic; and I, as a citizen of a republic, say to the Church: In this experiment thou shalt succeed."

The memorial alluded to was the Cahensly document, and the allusion to republics concerned the Pope's attempt to bring the French monarchists and imperialists into genuine support of the Third Republic. The policy came to nothing for the time, and probably cost Cardinal Rampolla the papacy, through the Austrian veto in the conclave of 1902; but at least it put an end to the dark forebodings in Catholic European minds with regard to any republic, and in particular the American. The very success of the Church in the United States was used as an argument against the soundness of Catholic American faith. I heard the late Archbishop Keane declare that no European mind, no matter how well trained, could understand the position of a free church in a free state. Hence the ease with which the French Canon Delassus wrote a book about this time to prove that Archbishops Ireland and Keane were in a conspiracy with the Jews and the Freemasons to destroy the Church; and with which the Abbé Magnien concocted a still more ridiculous book on Father Hecker, the great Paulist. There were quite as many cranks on the American side of the Atlantic, but they refrained from writing books about Dr. Ireland. I heard one cleric maintain that Ireland was periodically insane, another that he had no faith, and a third that he was considerably a scoundrel. They illustrate the keenness of the interest in the problems and questions handled by the Archbishop, and how wrought up were the popular emotions. The race question was the most poignant. It seemed to be the atmosphere of the rest. Yet it was utterly annihilated in the late war. There will be no more little Europes in America, there will be only one language, also only one race, that sprung from the commingling of the Europeans

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settled here, and as free from the foreign spirit as Dr. Ireland himself. Despite his public life, his many connections, his keen interest in everything, he walked his own way, rather reticent and shy, but he walked among the great. Hill, the railroad king of the north-west, helped him in many of his diocesan enterprises. St. Paul having been made an archdiocese at his request, Rome empowered him to name his three suffragans before he himself had received the pallium. He shut out the hateful race question from the great north-west. He fought his opponents, of whom he had many, in the open, according to his temperament, using against them the stately and pointed encyclicals of his patron, leader and friend, Pope Leo XIII. Such vibrant paragraphs as these from his discourse on Leo, a Pontiff of his Age, must have resounded nobly in the Vatican:

"There are those who criticize Leo's policy, who believe that the Pope should not come into close contact with the relations of governments to their subjects, or who demand war to the bitter end in defence of the plenary and absolute rights of the Church and her children. Leo holds that wherever the interests of religion can be promoted, there he should be, and that where the head of the Church is permitted by law or custom to treat with governments he ought to treat with them, and, where necessary, to give counsel to their subjects in matters in which the Church is concerned."

After giving a list of the Pope's diplomatic triumphs he continues: "Reactionaries and allies of old political regimes, in their fear lest Leo's triumphs consign to yet deeper oblivion their own ideas and methods, declare that Leo's policy of pacification is a failure. It has already accomplished much, it will accomplish more in the future: it is not a failure. Complete pacification is not the task of a few years. Time must intervene before a policy can bear full fruit. Time will justify more and more the wisdom of Leo. And so it is with Leo's entire work. As time passes, Leo's influence will deepen and expand. The history of his pontificate cannot be written when he

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vacates Peter's chair ; Leo has profoundly impressed the Church and the age ; to both new courses have been opened, and as both pursue their appointed paths, they will bear witness to the power and the high thought of him who designed their charts."

Naturally the attitude to modern republics earned his praise. He spoke to European critics of the American Republic in this fashion :

"Not long ago a republic was considered to be an anomaly among nations, as being the very embodiment of social revolution and social chaos. Now the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church, the representative of what is in the eyes of all men the most ancient and the most powerful religious organization on earth, of what is to two hundred and fifty million Christians the Church of the living God, hails the republic, and declares that the Church is as much at home under such a form of government as under an empire or a monarchy. It had been supposed that the Catholic Church looked upon a republic with dread and suspicion. History had so closely associated the Church with empires and monarchies that friends and foes imagined empires and monarchies to be the natural allies of the Church. Whenever old regimes were thrown aside, the Church too was in peril of being thrown aside, as if she were inseparable from the social forms of the past. Leo has freed the Church, lifted her above all forms of human institutions, and shown her to be the Church of all nations and all ages."

Dr. Ireland had many tilts and a few quarrels with his episcopal brethren, particularly with Archbishop Corrigan of New York and his famous mentor, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. He had Bishop Zardetti, the Swiss Bishop of St. Cloud, Minnesota, banished to Rumania, as Archbishop of Bucharest, for deserting to the Cahenslyites. He had no sympathy with and little kindness for these people. His life and thought were cast on purely American lines, and he had no patience with a Europe which he believed to be moribund, as war conditions have since proved to the world. He sought publicity in order

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that his utterances and his influence might reach a large public and have the widest sweep. For this he was specially detested by clerics of the old school, to whom modern advertising of any kind is an abomination. They would give no interviews on special questions, no news of general interest, and treated the press with such contempt that the impudent replied in kind. They never forgave Dr. Ireland or Dr. Keane for their constant and careful cultivation of the press. In the loud controversies carried on by the press over domestic questions and differences among Catholics, Dr. Ireland always received generous treatment from reporters and editors, while his opponents got only enough to keep the tale going. This ancient reserve passed away naturally when Catholic leaders perceived the beneficial effects of proper publicity. At this date the American episcopate has no qualms about it.

The passing of Leo XIII and the entrance of the new regime threw the Archbishop of St. Paul into eclipse as far as such a man can be thrown. His strength was always with his own people, and their labour and confidence he retained to the end of his life. He was a favourite with all classes. The American people fondly expected that Benedict XV would make him a cardinal before his end, thereby giving the American millions an opportunity to celebrate his last and highest honours, to display their immense regard for him, and even to triumph a little over his bitter enemies. The act would have made Pope Benedict the best known European ruler among Americans, who are a sentimental people. The event did not transpire and the American world wondered. Having built up his diocese in a splendid fashion, and helped to develop the great north-west, having greatly assisted in the work of formulating a policy for the Church in America, having done very much to clear European thought with regard to America and the Catholic situation here, Archbishop Ireland, in 1918, passed to his rest and his reward amid the tears and the plaudits of the American people.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

THE CANONIZATION OF KING HENRY VI

FOR more than a thousand years, until by a constitution of Alexander III in 1170 the power to decree canonizations was taken away from bishops and reserved to the Pope, no formal process of canonization had been necessary in order that a departed servant of God might receive public veneration as a saint. At first, these popular canonizations were of purely local extent, limited to the confines of one diocese, and, like the later beatifications, of particular, not universal, acceptance: and when a particular cultus became known over a wider ecclesiastical area, until finally it was ratified for an entire province or for a country, a distinction was drawn by theologians between equipollent canonizations, as they were termed, and formal canonizations decreed by the Holy See in accordance with the subsequent regular process.

English Ecclesiastical history, while it abounds in these local and equipollent canonizations, furnishes also a number of processes to which the above-mentioned distinctions do not precisely apply. They form a class of not so much doubtful canonizations, like that strangely accepted sanctification of Charlemagne by the anti-pope Pascal III, as of frustrated processes, defeated at the vital moment by some turn of political circumstance, some lack of funds for costs incurred, or some other mischance whereby the candidate unexpectedly was robbed, in the very hour of success, of formally decreed sanctity. To the first of these causes, we may ascribe the failure of the attempts in the Thirteenth Century to canonize Simon de Montfort, for whom the Franciscans drew up an office, invoking him as the "Guardian of the English people," and the collapse of the petition presented by the Convocation of York, on behalf of Richard le Scrope, whom Henry IV put to death in 1405—"Saint Richard Scrope, Glory of York, Martyr of Christ!": to the second

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the abandonment of the process of Bishop William de Marchia of Wells, in support of whose cause the canons in 1324 sent proctors to Rome, and the whole English episcopate presented a petition to John XXII, at Avignon.

But of all these incomplected canonizations, the best-known and the most nearly successful is that of King Henry VI, which, moreover, exhibits during many years something of each of those three destructive causes—political faction, penuriousness, and fatal mischance.

On the night of May 21st-22nd, 1471, King Henry VI was murdered in the Tower, and popular report, which was never contradicted, attributed the deed to the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. In his *Historie of Great Britaine*,* Speed gives the following account :

"The body of this murdered King was upon the Ascension-Eve laid in an open coffin, and from the Tower, guarded with many bils and glaves, was so carried thorow the streetes unto the Cathedrall Church of Saint Paul, where it rested uncovered one day, and began to bleed againe afresh, a sorrowful spectacle to most of the beholders, and thence was it carryed to the Black-Fryers Church, where it likewise lay bare-faced, and bled as before, all men being amazed at the sorrowfull sighte; and lastly, it was put into a Boat, without Priest, Clarke, Torch or Taper, singing or saying, and was ferried into the Abbey of Chertsey in Surrey, and there without pompe interred."†

No sooner had this hurried and unroyal interment been accomplished at Chertsey on May 24th, than a report of miracles wrought at the King's tomb began to gain currency. It would seem, however, that the devotion of his Lancastrian clients in the north hardly tarried for confirmation of them, for already, in 1473, the Fabric Rolls of York Minster, where Richard Andrew,

* Speed, *The Historie of Great Britaine*, London, 1632, p. 839.

† Cp. *Warkworth's Chron.*, p. 21. "Kynge Herry was putt to dethe, the xxi day of Maii, on a tywesday nyght, betwyx xi and xii of the cloke." The Yorkists gave out "that of pure displeasure and melencoly, he dyed the xxiii day of the monithe of May."—*Hist. of the Arrivall of K. Edw. IV.*, p. 38. £8 12s. 4d. was paid to London Friaries for Masses for his soul. Issue Rolls 11—Ed. IV. 505.

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formerly Henry's secretary, was Dean from 1452-1477, contain references to sums paid for painting an image of the King, terminating the long series of royal effigies which adorned the rood-screen begun in 1472. The entry runs: "*In retributione data magistro Ricardo Latomer pro laboribus suis impositis circa ymagine Henrici sexti in ecclesia Cath. Ebor. offerencium, 40s.*" The political significance of this veneration was not lost upon Archbishop Laurence Booth, who, after a career of alternate loyalty to the warring Roses, had at last succeeded in persuading Edward IV of his devotion to the House of York. On October 27th, 1479, he issued a peremptory mandate* to the Dean and Chapter, forbidding that anyone should venerate the statue of Henry lately King of England in fact but not by right—a command which probably was disregarded, if we can judge by an entry in the Fabric Rolls some thirty years later:

"1515. *Johanni Paynter de Ebor pro piccione j ymagine Henrici, 20s.*"

While popular devotion in the north kept spreading, the miracles at the tomb in Chertsey continued, and in 1484 Richard III had the body exhumed and removed to Saint George's Collegiate Church at Windsor.† The motives that prompted his action have been disputed. Some have attributed it to jealous fear of the Lancastrian party and a desire to keep the body of their martyred King more closely under the vigilant eye of the new dynasty; others have interpreted it as an attempt to conciliate popular disfavour by an implied denial of the murder, and by the bestowal of royal sepulture near himself upon his brother Edward's victim. But whatever Richard's design may have been, the translation of the relics to Windsor proved the beginning of still more enthusiastic veneration and of far more multitudinous

* "Monitio facta quod aliquis sive aliqui non venerentur statuam sire ymaginem Henrici nuper Regis Angliae de facto et non de jure." The text is printed in the first editions of Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*.

† According to Rous, the antiquary of Warwick, "it was in great part uncorrupt, everywhere entire as to the beard and hair, with the face as usual, though somewhat sunken, with a more meagre appearance than ordinary."

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pilgrimages. Moreover Windsor was but the centre of a rapidly extending cultus which within a few decades embraced the whole of England. Images similar to that at York were set up in Durham Cathedral and in Ripon Minster,* where in 1502 and again in 1525 we find mention of offerings made to King Henry. At Alford in Lincolnshire† there was a bequest to King Henry's Light, which, presumably, burned before an image of the King; at Gately, and at Barton Turf in Norfolk, this image stood upon the rood-screen.‡ Eye Church in Suffolk possessed a painted portrait of the King in a royal mantle, with a large sceptre in his right hand, his head nimbbed, and a curved band behind the shoulder, bearing the inscription, *Hen. Rex.*§ A "paire of beads of dogeon (boxwood) and an ymage of King Henry" formed the bequest of Sir Robert Awbray, priest of a chantry in Lincoln Cathedral, to one Master Thorp in 1535,|| and at Windsor, where the hat and spurs of the King were venerated as most efficacious relics, little signs or tokens were made to be carried home by pilgrims.¶ The dagger that killed Henry VI, "schethe and all," was kept until the Reformation by the Augustinians at Caversham among other relics and offerings, such as "schroudes, candels, images of wax, crowches and brochys."** In the churchwardens' accounts of Pilton, Somerset,†† for 15 Henry VII, the valuables belonging to the Church are said to include: "iii brochys of King Henry and one lytyll broche"—badges or tokens most

* *Memorials of Ripon*, Surtees Society, Vol. III.

† *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, I, 5.

‡ Bond, *Dedications of English Churches*, Oxford, 1914, p. 195. [This is on the screen.—M. R. James.]

§ See the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, December, 1880, for an account of this portrait with a reproduction. Similar Fifteenth Century paintings have been discovered in Warfield Church, Berkshire, and on the west wall of the nave of Witton Church, Norfolk.

|| A. R. Maddison, *Lincolnshire Wills*, II.

¶ See the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, October, 1845, and September, 1868, for some account of these with plates.

** *Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries*, Camden Society, p. 224.

†† *Churchwardens' Accounts*, ed. Hobhouse, Somerset Record Society, 1890, p. 64.

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probably brought by pilgrims from Windsor, and in the clerestory of Fairford Church in Gloucestershire his image was sculptured with those of Henry VII and of the Emperor-Saint, Henry of Germany.*

The overthrow of the Yorkist dynasty at Bosworth Field in 1485 and the accession to the throne of Henry Tudor, Henry VI's nephew, in accordance with a prophecy uttered by the unhappy king many years previously, opened the way to a definite process of canonization at Rome. A passage in the *Historia Anglica*, of Polydore Vergil, begun in 1505 at the wish of Henry VII, and completed in 1533 with a dedication to Henry VIII, sets forth the grounds upon which this petition would be based.†

"God shewed many miracles in his life-time. By reason whereof King Henry the Seventh, not without desert, began a few years past, to procure, at the hands of Julius bishop of Rome, that he might be canonised for a Saint, but being prevented by hasty death, he could not perform that honourable fact. Moreover, this Henry was of liberal mind; he had good learning in great reverence, and loved them who were endued therewithal; for he founded a sumptuous school at Eton, a town next unto Windsor, in which he placed a college of priests and children in great number, there to be brought up and taught their grammar freely and without cost. The same man was also founder of the King's college at Cambridge, which so flourisheth at this day with the ornaments of learning, that it may well be called the prince of all colleges."

A more particular narration of the supernatural virtues and revelations vouchsafed to the King has been preserved in the short treatise of John Blakman, *Collectarium Mansuetudinum et Bonorum Morum Regis Henrici VI ex collectione Magistri Joannis Blakman bacchalaurei theolo-*

* [There is a very good image on Prince Arthur's Chaney in Worcester Cathedral and another on the lectern at King's College, Cambridge.—M. R. J.]

† Polydore Vergil's *English History*, ed. Ellis, Camden Society, 1844. (The spelling has been modernized for this present study.)

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giae et post Cartusiae monachi Londini, first printed by Robert Coplande in 1510, reprinted by Hearne in his edition of the *Chronicles of Otterbourne and Whethamsted*,* and recently published, with a translation and notes, by the Provost of Eton. According to Hearne, the copy of Blakman's *Collectarium*, from which he transcribed the text, contained a note by Archbishop Sancroft asserting that this compilation was written at the instance of Henry VII, when he was negotiating with Julius II for the canonization of his uncle; and though the facts certainly known about Blakman—that he was Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, in 1436, Fellow of Eton in 1447, and Warden of King's Hall, Cambridge, from 1452-57, when he withdrew, first to the Charterhouse of Witham in Somerset, and subsequently to London—make Sancroft's date, 1504, somewhat too late, it is clear from the extant Bulls of Alexander II and of Julius II,† that the movement to canonize Henry VI had begun during the pontificate of their predecessor, Innocent VIII. Thus it is probable that Blakman had already at that time composed his short treatise, whilst certain guarded allusions to political circumstances in England point to a still earlier date, perhaps during the reign of Richard III.

Whether Blakman had been chaplain to Henry VI, or, like Dean Richard Andrew of York, engaged in some position of secretary, remains uncertain, but his close connection with the royal foundation of Eton is enough to explain the deep personal intimacy of his reminiscence and the lively portrait that he gives of the King's character and person. Something of his narrative was borrowed by Sixteenth Century historians and later writers, in particular by Speed, who continues the account of the King's death and burial with the following appreciation of his piety and fortunes: "Thus lived and thus died this innocent and just King, who had beene proclaimed in his Cradle, crowned in his Infancy, and againe, at more age had the Emperiall Diadem of France set on his head,

* Hearne, *Duo Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores*, 1732.

† Cp. Spelman, *Concilia*, 1664, II, 720, and Wilkins, *Concilia*, III, 640.

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living uprightly, loving his subjects, and rainging thirtie eight yeeres, was in that time tossed with variable successe: for twice he was imprisoned and deprived of his Crowne, betrayed, smitten and wounded, and in all things became a worthy example of fortune's inconstancy. He was of stature very seemely, of body slender, of face beautifull, and by a natural inclination abhorred all vice, farre from pride, given to prayer, well-read in the Scriptures, using works of Charitie, and so chaste, as no suspition of incontinency could be conceived in him: nay, so farre the contrary, that when certaine Ladies presented themselves before him in a Maske, with their Haire loose, and their Brests uncovered (hee then a Bachelour and able of marriage) he immediately rose up and departed the Presence, saying: 'Fie, fie, forsooth ye are to blame.' Oath he used none, but in weighty matters, his affirmation was forsooth, and forsooth; very mercifull to the poor, and so pitifull to Malefactors, as he commanded the quarters of traitors to be taken down from the Gates, and buried, and so farre from revenge, that he willingly pardoned the greatest offences against him; for a Ruffian intending his death, wounded him in the side with his Sword, what time he lay a prisoner in the Tower, and being restored to his kingly estate, he freely forgave the fact; and another like Ruffian striking him on the face, he punished with this only reprehension: 'Forsooth you are to blame to strike me, your annointed King': for these and his other patient vertues, King Henry the Seventh assayed to have him canonized a Saint, but Pope Julius the second demanding too great a summe, the King went no further in the suite: notwithstanding in the repute of the vulgar he was taken for no less, so as his red Hat which he had worne healed the headach, when it was put on, as the simple beleaved."

It will be observed that Speed here assigns a different reason for the failure of the attempt at canonization from that given by Polydore Vergil—the death of Henry VII; but before examining the truth of these conflicting statements it will be well, with the aid of Papal Bulls, Royal

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letters, and documents in the archives of Westminster and of Windsor, to trace the successive steps of the process itself.

The first Papal Bull is one of Alexander VI, dated 1494, directing that in accordance with the petition of the King of England—a petition which, it appears, had already been presented to Alexander's predecessor, Innocent VIII—a Commission consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Durham, or of some other two or three ecclesiastics appointed by them, should make a judicial examination of the evidence available concerning the merits and miracles of Henry VI, and report with all care and diligence on these matters to the Holy See, in order that the process of canonization might duly be completed. In the same year 1494 Henry sought permission from the Pope to suppress the two religious houses of Mottesfont in Hampshire and Luffield in Buckinghamshire,* and with their endowments to build a new chantry and hospital at Windsor, in which he proposed himself to be buried, and intended to erect a shrine over the relics of Henry VI.† The second part of this design can have been little more than a fugitive suggestion, for a third document of this same year 1494 has been preserved, in which the King petitions Alexander VI for permission to translate the remains of Henry VI to Westminster.‡ The chantry at Windsor, however, was not abandoned—various Bulls granting to it the indulgence of the *Scala Caeli* were received in this and the following years§—but it remained unfinished until the beginning of Henry VIII's reign; the King had now determined to erect his monument elsewhere, and began to prepare plans for that greatest glory of the Tudor name, the chapel styled after him at Westminster.

Four years later, in the spring of 1498, while these plans were still maturing, a controversy arose before the Privy Council, between the Abbot of Chertsey, the Dean of

* Rymer, *Foedera*, XII, 563.

† An outline drawing of this projected monument will be found in MS. Bibl. Cott., Augustus II, in the British Museum.

‡ Wilkins, *Concilia*, III, 635.

§ Rymer, *Foedera*, XII, 565.

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Windsor, and the Abbot of Westminster, as to who was entitled to the possession of the relics which it was now proposed to exhume a second time.* Each of the rival claimants appeared in person, with documents and witnesses to make good his claim. The Abbot of Chertsey for his part affirmed that he had never consented to the removal of the body to Windsor in 1484, and that, therefore, since it had been taken from his keeping unlawfully, he was now entitled to its recovery. The Dean of Windsor and his supporters argued that so far from having objected to the exhumation, the Abbot of Chertsey with his own hands had assisted thereat, and that inasmuch as the dead King had declared his wish to be interred at Windsor, and was in fact now buried there, the body should remain where it was. The Abbot of Westminster, however, put forward the most convincing arguments. Four volumes of evidence were presented on his behalf, and numerous witnesses—vergers, servants, and workmen of the Abbey—deposed to the frequent visits paid by Henry VI to the Abbey at all hours of the day and night during the fateful years of 1458-1461, and described how he had chosen a burial-place for himself there, near to the tombs of his father King Henry V and of Queen Catherine his mother. The Abbot further urged the close connection that had always existed between the Abbey and the Royal Palace of Westminster, and laid stress upon the fact that during his lifetime the dead King had been the Abbey's parishioner. On March 5th, 1498, judgment was accordingly given by the Privy Council in favour of the Abbot of Westminster in the presence of the King, and in July following, an Indenture was drawn up between the King and George Fawcett, Abbot of Westminster, whereby the Abbot, the Prior, and the Convent bound themselves to pay the sum of five hundred pounds, by three yearly instalments, towards the expenses of the translation of the body from Windsor to Westminster. This sum was in fact paid, as the accounts of John Islip, Sacrist of Westminster, for

* See Stanley, *loc. cit. supra*.

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1501 prove. Meanwhile steps had been taken to supply the Commission charged by Alexander VI with the examination of the cause, with a body of evidence relating to the miracles alleged to have been worked at Henry's intercession. At a date not much later than the close of the year 1500, a manuscript translation into Latin * of two books of miracles of King Henry VI already existing in English was made by an unknown writer at the request of Dean Morgan of Windsor. The writer implies that this compilation of four separate collections of miracles, in many cases with minute details of persons, circumstances, and times, had been undertaken in order that it might be submitted to the judgment of ecclesiastical authority; and from the marginal annotations in another contemporary hand—"probatum," "nullius effectus," "non reperitur," "non probatum,"—it is clear that an attempt to weigh the evidence was in fact made. The earliest miracle recorded is assigned to 1481; the last is dated July, 1500.

The foundation stone of the new chapel at Westminster was laid on January 24th, 1503, at "a quarter of an houre afore three of the clock, at afternoone of the same daie," as Holinshed minutely relates; and in May of the following year a Papal Bull authorizing the translation of the body was sent from Rome, together with a second Bull of Julius II, urging the commission of inquiry to expedite their findings in terms identical with those of the Bull received from Alexander VI ten years previously.

The translation of the relics, however, never took place. The "witty but tart explanation of Lord Verulam's noble pen"—so Fuller describes it—that the Pope was "afraid of lessening the esteem of that kind of honour, if there was not some distance kept between *Innocents* and *Saints*," as also that other reason given by Mabingdon in his life of Edward IV, that the Pope knew that Henry VI was not King *de jure*, but only *de facto*, are fanciful inventions with no claim upon credence.

* Royal MSS., 13 C. viii; and British Museum Catalogue of the Royal MSS.

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Nor need we ascribe with Speed and others the collapse of the process to some change of purpose in the penurious Henry, or suppose that now firmly seated on his throne, Henry felt that he could forget his obligations to the House of Lancaster. A natural desire to combine in one great solemnity the translation of the relics, the canonization, and the completion of his chapel, may well have caused delay, but while each of these waited upon the others, death intervened, and the chapel that was to commemorate the Royal Saint became the monument of his chief client.

With the death of Henry VII in 1509 the cause of Henry VI gradually declined, until in the storms of the Reformation it was swept away. At first, indeed, Henry VIII seems to have intended to carry out the wish expressed in his father's will, drawn up in the year that he died, "to translate right shortly," into the monastery of Westminster, "the body and reliquies of our Uncle of blessed memory, King Henry the VIth." Even as late as 1528, Dr. Gardiner Fox, the King's Almoner, and Sir Gregory de Cassalis, the King's Ambassadors to the Holy See in the matter of the Royal divorce, could write in the following terms to Wolsey from Orvieto *—"We have moved the Pope's Ho. as towching the canonization of K. Henry the VIth. Who answerith that he is very wel content to make schort process therein; but the matiers must be examyned here, requiring a nombre of Cardinalls therat, with other ceremonies: which cannot be doon there. Wherefore yf my Lord of Canterbury and my Lord of Winchester who have examyned the matier *in partibus* do send the process hither as their commission requyred, the sentence of canonization shal shortly pass here." But the time was not propitious; Anne Boleyn had become the preoccupation of the English King, Luther and the Emperor Charles V, the anxiety of Pope Clement VII. The following year saw the downfall of Wolsey and the rise of Cranmer, and in 1533 Clement VII

* Brewer, *Letters and Papers of the Reign of King Henry VIII*, IV, no. 4167.

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pronounced the marriage with Anne Boleyn null and void, and laid Henry VIII under the greater excommunication.

One last glimpse of devotion to Henry VI at Windsor in 1543 is given us in Foxe's account of the "Trouble and Persecution of Four Wyndsor-men."* Robert Testwood, we are there told, "as he beheld the pilgrims of Devonshire and Cornewall, how they came in by plumps, with candles and images of wax in ther hands, to offer to good King Henry of Windsor, as they called him, could not refrain to see such great idolatrie committed, and how vainly the people had spent their goods in coming so far to kiss a spur and have an old hat set upon their heads."

This is the final memorial; for although Henry VIII in his will desired that the tombs of Henry VI and of other royal persons, should be "made more princelie at our charges, in the same places where they lie (at Windsor)," and Edward VI is declared to have cherished the same design, nothing was done. All that now remains to mark the vanished scene of pilgrimage and that long-continued Papal and royal negotiation, is a plain stone slab in the pavement of the south aisle of Saint George's Chapel, Windsor, inscribed "*Henry VI.*"†

LEONARD SMITH.

It is worth while adding a summary of the famous and recent examination of King Henry's relics, which was done in order to make sure of their existence at the traditional spot in St. George's Chapel. According to *Archæologia* (LXII, 24) Canon Dalton and St. John Hope had disclosed a brick grave "which contained a small lead chest under the arch to which tradition has all along pointed." On November 4th, 1910, this grave was opened in the presence of the Provosts of Eton and Kings (Drs. Warre and James), and a large wooden coffin was discovered in a state of powder. The lid of lead was "carefully raised and lifted off by the two Provosts."

* Foxe, *Book of Martyrs* (1846), V, 467.

† [The bones were exhumed, examined and replaced in November, 1910. A full account by St. John Hope in *Archæologia*.—M. R. J.]

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Inside was found a decayed wooden box with a sliding lid. "There were disclosed within the box a decayed mass of human bones, lying in no definite order but mixed with the rotten remains of some material in which they had been wrapped." The bones were removed "reverently and carefully" by Professor Macalister, who, as a professor of anatomy, reported (November 5th, 1910): "The bones are those of a fairly strong man aged between 45 and 55 who was at least 5ft. 9in. in height . . . the bones of the head were unfortunately much broken . . . and belonged to a skull well formed but small in proportion to the stature." The right arm was missing and "it was certain that the body had been dismembered." Their condition pointed to an exhumation as well as the accidental inclusion of a small pig's humerus. "The bones were then reverently placed on a large piece of new white silk and carefully wrapped up in it by the Provost of Kings." They were finally replaced in a new oaken box.

KINSFOLK OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

SAIN'T THOMAS of Canterbury must always be remembered as the greatest of Londoners, born and reared in the heart of the city.

The early Twelfth Century was an age of revival in religion and chivalry. Several Londoners joined the Crusades, but we can disregard the late romantic tale of Gilbert Becket's marriage with the fair Eastern lady, though the young Thomas must have heard many a story of the Holy Land from men who had passed that perilous way. It has been suggested that the story may have arisen from some episode in the life of Gilbert Becket's father. It is likely that though the martyr's father was actually born in Normandy his grandfather was the first member of the family to settle in London. In 1118 probably, a few years before Rahere began his work at St. Bartholomew's, Thomas Becket was born in Cheapside, the son of Gilbert Becket, a citizen from the district round Rouen, once at least sheriff of London, and Mahalt or Maud his wife, whose family sprang from Caen. It will be remembered how on the lad's return from the Quartier Latin of the University of Paris he found employment with a wealthy kinsman, Osbert Huitdeniers. As Garnier sings :

*A soen parent vint, un riche hume Lundreis,
Ke mult ert koneuz et de Frauns et d'Engleis
A Osbern Witderniers, ki Pretint demaneis
Puis fu ses escriveins, ne sai dous ans u treis.*

This Osbert Huitdeniers, as Dr. Horace Round has shown, was at this time undoubtedly Justiciar of London and powerful alike in City and Court. In his service, as Fitzstephen tells us, the future Chancellor got that hard training in municipal and political business which stood

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him in such good stead hereafter. We have no direct evidence as to Thomas Becket's exact relationship to his kinsman, but it is not unlikely that Gilbert Becket and Osbert had married sisters. We can now consider some fresh facts about the kinsfolk of St. Thomas found in Twelfth Century deeds. Osbert's wife was certainly named Roece or Rohese, and appears as a very early benefactor of Clerkenwell nunnery, granting thereto ten shillings annually in rent, no mean sum at that time, from land in the city of London. The land or house thus charged lay in the fee of William Earl of Gloucester. This is interesting since Dr. Round has already pointed out that Osbert was a feudal tenant of the Earl of Gloucester in Kent. The name Rohese was also borne by the elder of St. Thomas's own sisters. If Rohese, wife of Osbert, was a sister of Maud, Thomas Becket's mother, or a sister of Gilbert himself, Rohese Becket may have been named both after her kinswoman Rohese Huitdeniers as well as after her grandmother. The only proved facts are that the wife of Osbert Huitdeniers and the sister of Thomas Becket bore the same Christian name.

A likely and important link with Osbert Huitdeniers is found in a deed of about 1149 preserved in the Cartulary of Christ Church (Holy Trinity), Aldgate. According to this document Ralf, second prior of this house, a confessor of St. Thomas, who used to resort to him to receive penitential discipline, when he was in the city, conveyed to Peter de Bourges and his heirs male the land of Bothaw (*Bothaga*) belonging to Christ Church, at an annual rent of seven shillings. The grantee is evidently the layman of that name who appears in two deeds of approximately the same date amongst the muniments of St. Paul's. The property has now been swallowed up in Cannon Street railway station, which occupies the site and burial ground of St. Mary Bothaw. But the northern boundary of Peter's domain is of especial interest to us, for somewhere about the forecourt of the present station was situated a house described as "*petrina domus sororis O.viiiid.*" a cryptic phrase which can be interpreted as the stone-built

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house of the sister of O. Huitdeniers, the convenient shorthand of the Justiciar's name having possibly puzzled later transcribers of the conveyance. It was thus quite close to the original position of London Stone. On the opposite side of Cannon Street (then Candlewick Street) stood the house later occupied by Henry FitzAlwyn, first Mayor of London. Can this sister of Osbert Huitdeniers be further identified and was this stone house for two years or more the actual home of Thomas Becket? Dare we suggest that the stone house of the sister of Osbert Huitdeniers had originally been the property of the Justiciar himself? All we can say is that it is by no means unlikely. That Osbert was dead by 1155 is practically certain, and there apparently exists no deed suggesting his survival after 1145, though arguments *ex silentio* are rather dangerous in the Twelfth Century. His wife Rohese must have been alive in 1145, as she was an early benefactor of Clerkenwell nunnery, founded about that time. But she belonged to the generation of Gilbert and Maud Becket and may not have long outlived them. If Osbert had left a male heir we should naturally expect to see him in possession of his father's chief town house, but no direct male heir of this great London citizen is certainly known. It is only suggested that Osbert Huitdeniers, dead before the half-century, had left his sister his stone house, possibly the very house in which Thomas Becket, as his kinsman's secretary, had served. By the year 1150 Becket had become a trusted and confidential servant of Archbishop Theobald. He was no longer the poor clerk with the single horse who had lain sick in Thurstan's house in Kent while Jordan of Plumstead scoured the countryside for whey for him to drink since in his fever he refused ale and wine. With his fortunes bound up with the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury, what more likely than that "Thomas of London" (the name under which he witnesses deeds while on Theobald's staff) should have used all just influence to obtain for the Cathedral Priory of Christ Church not only the advowson of the church at St. Mary Bothaw, but also the house

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hard by with which he had been so closely connected. It is surely significant that not only did Peter, rector of St. Mary Bothaw, transfer this church to the Cathedral Priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, about 1150, but that two years after Cicily de Bothawe, *juxta Londene-stane*, also gave the monks a house in the parish.

We shall find that the parish of St. Mary Bothaw has other associations with the family of St. Thomas. His exile was followed in 1165 by the cruel and spiteful persecution of his relatives, servants and dependents. Ranulf de Broc, to whom the vile task had been given, carried it through with such barbarity as to shock a far from soft and tender generation. Tottering elders and mothers with suckling babes were sent across the sea, helpless and penniless, and so great an impression was made on public opinion that we actually find the term in a Southwark lease dated "*ad illud pascha quando rex Henricus jussit parentes archiepiscopi transfretare.*" Among these poor people was Rohese, the Archbishop's elder sister and her children. Some years later she witnessed the penance of Henry II at Canterbury, and begging for reparation, received some atonement in a pension charged on the King's mill in that city. Her son John was educated at the cathedral school at Rheims, residing with Fulk, the Dean of that church, whom the exiled Archbishop begged to make the lad work hard at his Latin Grammar. In 1180 this John was preferred by the monastic chapter of Canterbury to the vicarage of St. Mary Bothaw, thus perpetuating the family connection with the parish.

Rohese, St. Thomas's sister, seems to have had a fairly numerous family. Probably one of these sons was the Benedict described as a nephew of Thomas, who witnesses a deed conveying property to the Cistercian house of Kirkstead. St. Thomas himself commends one nephew G. to Richard, bishop-elect of Syracuse. Mary, another sister, became a nun and Abbess of Barking, showing special kindness to the poet Garnier of Pont St. Maxence, who sung her brother's praises and in French verse told the

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story of his life and triumphant end. In his epilogue he tells us

*L'abesse, suer Saint Thomas,
Pur s'onur et pur le barun
M'ad donê palefroi et dras ;
N'i faillent nis li esperun.*

Perhaps the best known of all the sisters of the Archbishop has been Agnes, almost certainly the youngest of the family, and the only one who from a worldly point of view would seem to have married at all well. Her husband, a knight, named Thomas, son of Theobald, described as of Helles, apparently was one of the English adventurers in Ireland and there gained estates and lordship. According to the received story, Agnes and her husband founded the chapel of St. Thomas of Acon or Acre in Cheapside, on the site of the present Mercers' Hall, granting as a free gift the house where St. Thomas was born. This account seems to call for slight correction. One of the oldest of the Twelfth Century London families was that of the Haverhills. About 1212 Thomas de Haverhill was lying on his deathbed and arranging his affairs. As a result we have a series of deeds dealing with benefactions of the Haverhill family. The deed (Harleian MSS. 4015 f. 51) which especially concerns us was treasured among the archives of the Leper Hospital of St. Giles and is certainly the most interesting of those executed on this occasion, for we hear of a certain rent charge of "twenty shillings for the tenement where St. Thomas Archbishop of Canterbury was born in the parish of St. Mary Cole Church and the due payment toward the lords of the fee, which land the citizens of London bought to make a chapel there in honour of the Blessed Martyr" (*quam terram cives Londinies emerunt ad faciendam unam capellam ibidem in honore beati Thome martyris*).

The importance and authenticity of this testimony is obvious. Thomas de Haverhill must have been at this time nearer 60 than 50 years of age. He was doubtless of full age at the time of the Canterbury sacrilege and

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murder. It is likely that his father had actually taken a prominent part in the movement for honouring the martyred Londoner. Following the ancient Catholic tradition which goes back to the birthplace of Bethlehem, London hastened to make a shrine of the house where her saint was born. The story of the spontaneous gift by Agnes and her husband is due to a slight misunderstanding of a later confirmation charter dealing with the transfer of land. Mediaeval deeds, which on the surface seem to imply free gift, sometimes conceal a history of exchange, barter or sale. In this case apparently the citizens of London bought from Thomas de Helles and Agnes Gilbert Becket's house, or rather its site, for the actual dwelling of 1118 had been burnt before in all probability. And thus the devotion of the City of London raised a shrine to the Glory of God and in honour of the greatest of her sons.

C. H. VELLACOTT.

THE LOLLARD BIBLE

THERE was no translation of the Bible into English previous to Wycliffe's day! proof—no trace of such translations can be found in wills or catalogues, and indeed the attitude of the Church towards the Bible in the vernacular was such that even apart from the lack of traces of such English Bibles we should antecedently not have expected to discover them. Such, in brief, is Miss Deanesly's thesis in *The Lollard Bible* (Camb. Univ. Press). Readers of Cardinal Gasquet's *Early English Bible*, 1897, will remember that he threw a bombshell into the world of Biblical critics by maintaining that the converse proposition was the truer, viz., that the so-called "Wycliffite" Bibles are in reality nothing else than pre-Reformation—or rather pre-Wycliffite—Bibles mistakenly supposed to be the actual production of Wycliffe or his followers. Miss Deanesly tells us quite frankly that her object is to destroy this theory, her task is a polemical one. It is even more than that. For this volume is the first of a series which is to appear under the ægis of Mr. G. C. Coulton as the *Cambridge Studies in Medieval Life and Thought*. In his *General Preface* to this volume Mr. Coulton lays down that the historian, whatever be his subject, is as definitely bound as the chemist "to proclaim certainties as certain, falsehoods as false, and uncertainties as dubious." "Those are the words," he adds, "not of a modern scientist, but of the Seventeenth Century monk, Jean Mabillon." Thus Miss Deanesly's volume is in every sense a challenge to the critics. They are invited to look for inaccuracies.

Miss Deanesly claims, then, to have proved that there existed no pre-Wycliffite translation of the Bible into English save of practically negligible portions. Has she proved her case?

First of all: what is the evidence for the existence of an English Bible previous to Wycliffe's days? Readers of Miss Deanesly's pages will be apt to conclude that there is practically none; but then all will depend on the

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way in which she marshals her evidence and how she uses it. To begin with, then, we have a statement by Caxton in 1482 in his *Proemium* to a translation of the *Polychronicon* made by Trevisa, vicar of Berkeley, in 1387, that this same Trevisa "at the request of one Sir Thomas Berkeley translated the Bible out of Latin into English." Now, is it sufficient to offset this very positive statement by pointing out that Caxton has misdated Trevisa's translation of the *Polychronicon* by thirty years,* by suggesting further that Caxton was not in a position to distinguish between a Catholic and a Wycliffite Bible and that he merely made a guess "like Sir Thomas More"? This might be legitimate treatment if this piece of evidence stood alone. But when we find that Wanley discovered a letter (from the future James II?) thanking Lord Berkeley for "a very precious book" of Trevisa's which had been preserved at Berkeley Castle for "neare 400 year" we can hardly regard such treatment of Caxton's words as satisfactory. Nor is our dissatisfaction removed by the note appended, p. 302.

It is possible that Caxton's unconscious change of the dating of the *Polychronicon*, from 1387 back to 1357, may have made him the readier to believe that Trevisa had made his Bible earlier than "the days of the late master John Wycliffe." It is not unreasonable to suppose that Caxton, following Lyndwood like More, believed that there were mediæval English versions anterior to Wycliffe.

Again, though here we quote from notes only, Forshall and Madden devote pp. 39-64 to a careful enumeration of 170 MSS. of translations of the English Bible in whole or in part anterior to Wycliffe. Now Miss Deanesly on no evidence at all attributes all these to the days of Wycliffe (pp. 304-340). We say "on no evidence at all," for her evidence simply amounts to this: that they must be Wycliffite Bibles because there were no others! As a sample of her treatment of the facts let us take the case of Syon Abbey, founded by Henry V in 1415. Here were Brigittine monks and nuns and they were scholars.

* Du Pin, II, 531, gives 1397 as the date.

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We possess the *Myroure of our Ladye*, written for the nuns by—so it is thought—Dr. Thomas Gascoyne, Chancellor of Oxford University. Twice over the author refers to the decree of 1408 anent translations of the Bible. He explains that he has obtained a licence from the Bishop for the sisters to use such translations, but adds: "Of Psalms I have drawn (viz. into English) but a few, for ye may have them of Richard Hampole's drawing, and out of English Bibles, if ye have license thereto." Now Miss Deanesly does not say so in so many words, but she leaves us with the impression that these "English Bibles" were Wycliffite productions. For she maintains throughout that in those days men were not in a position to distinguish between a Wycliffite and an orthodox Bible since the former, too, were orthodox, e.g., pp. 334 and 372. It is in this way that she explains away Bl. Thomas More's evidence (see below). Yet when it suits her she maintains that the Wycliffite Bibles actually were heretical (p. 7 note, and cp. pp. 230-239, 256 note, 279 note, 370, 372). But further than this: the above-mentioned Dr. Gascoyne has left us his will (cf. *Acta Curiae Cancellarii* in *Munimenta Academica*, II, p. 671), and herein we read that he left to Syon Abbey "all my books that are written on paper, and all my notebooks on paper; and I especially will and desire that my writing, namely, my work written with my own hand and entitled: *Liber seu scriptum de veritatibus ex sacra scriptura collectis et ex scriptis Sanctorum et doctorum* should be copied out on vellum or parchment at the expense of the said monastery and that the said monastery should keep both, viz., my work written by me and the copy made by themselves." It is legitimate to argue that he himself had a Bible—though there is no mention of one in his will—and also that he was interested in the Biblical knowledge of the monks and nuns. But did he present them with an English Bible or even a New Testament? They certainly had the New Testament in English and equally certainly it was not in the Wycliffite text as we know it. Mr. Lea Wilson, who came into possession of the MS.

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and had it reprinted in 1848, thought it represented an early version subsequently revised by Wycliffe himself or his disciples. Why he should have found it necessary to associate it with Wycliffe at all passes comprehension.

Then, thirdly, there is the statement made by Wycliffe's disciple Purvey in his controversy with the Dominican Palmer to the effect that—as Miss Deanesly gives it—“A London man had an English Bible ‘of northern speech and it seemed two hundred years old.’” Now on what possible grounds can Miss Deanesly add: “a reference, no doubt, to some late Saxon manuscript of the Gospels?” A sample, this, of the “pure guesswork” she is so fond of attributing to More and Caxton, etc. Forshall and Madden, too, are guilty of precisely the same unworthy argumentation, for their comment on this passage, p. 33, is, “If any dependence can be placed on the presumed age, this must have been some Anglo-Saxon version, perhaps Aelfric's *Heptateuch*.” Now Foxe quoted the same passage in his first edition of his *Book of Martyrs*, as Forshall and Madden note; why was it removed so that it does not appear in the later editions? And as we have mentioned Foxe, it is worth while noting that when Parker published *The Gospels of the fower Euangelistes translated in the olde Saxons tyme out of Latin, etc.*, in 1571, Foxe wrote the dedicatory Epistle to Queen Elizabeth in which he says:

Now from the ancient Saxons, to drawe more nerer to later yeares, from King Alfrede to Queene Anne (wife to King Richard II), if histories be well examined we shall find both before the Conquest and after, as well before John Wickliffe was borne as since, the whole body of Scriptures by sondry men translated into thys our countrey tounge.

This is a somewhat awkward testimony to get rid of!

Then what about Chaucer's intimate knowledge of the Bible? Are we to presume that he always quotes it from the Latin translated by himself? It certainly does not look like it. Yet note Miss Deanesly's comment: “Chaucer, again, shows great familiarity with the Old and

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New Testaments and the Apocrypha, and with persons and passages in them. His interest, however, is that of the scholar, not the devout monk; and he is familiar with the Bible as he was with the *Storial Mirror* of Vincent of Beauvais, and the other great reference books of the age," p. 224. The point is that Chaucer knew his Bible and apparently in English. Whence did he get it?

Once more: about A.D. 1536 Leland noted: "*In Bibliotheca Praedicatorum, Londinis, Trivet super Psalterium,*" and added: "*Inter celebres Veteris Testamenti translationes.*" * Trivet, fl. c. 1330, was a well-known Biblical scholar, and Leland is generally considered a reliable authority. Was this, too, a Wycliffite Bible which Leland was not in a position to distinguish from an orthodox one? But the existence of such a translation as Leland refers to throws light on what must otherwise remain a mystery, viz., the existence of an English *Concordance* previous to the Reformation. We are not referring, of course, to the famous *Concordantiae Anglicanae* which appeared about A.D. 1250 and which were due to such famous Biblical scholars as the Dominicans John of Darlington, Richard Staversby and Hugh of Croydon, all of whom had apparently worked in Paris under Cardinal Hugo of Vienne in the production of the first *Concordances*. These latter, as well as the *Concordantiae Anglicanae*, were on the Latin Vulgate Bible. But the English *Concordances* we refer to are much later and on the English Bible, though previous to the Reformation.†

Again, in 1911 the British Museum authorities held a Bible Exhibition; the official *Guide* tells us that Exhibit No. 21 is the *Gospels in English* produced early in the Eleventh Century; it also informs us that the *Apocalypse* appeared in the course of the Fourteenth Century.

More positive evidence, however, than any of the foregoing is that furnished us by Sir Thomas More in his *Dialogue* written in 1528. Amongst other things More

* Quoted by Father Raymund Palmer, "Black Friars of London," in *Merry England*, Aug., 1889, p. 279.

† Mangelot in Vigoureux, *Dict. de la Bible, s.v. Concordances*, Vol. II, p. 904 (2).

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deals with the vexed question of the legality of translating the Bible into the vernacular. This compels him to discuss the precise meaning of Archbishop Arundel's decree of 1408 on the subject, which ran as follows :

We enact and ordain that no one henceforth do by his own authority translate any text of Holy Scripture into the English tongue or any other by way of book or treatise. Nor let any such book or treatise now lately composed in the time of John Wicklif aforesaid, or since, or hereafter to be composed, be read in whole or in part, in public or in private, under pain of the greater excommunication, till that translation have been approved by the diocesan of the place, or if occasion shall require, by a provincial council.*

More points out that this clearly did not prohibit translations as such, but only bad ones. This was the plain meaning of the text and it was—as he well knew—the sense attached to it by the canonist Lyndwood who, commenting on the words “lately composed,” “*noviter compositus*,” says: “From the fact that it says ‘lately composed’ it is clear that it is not forbidden to read books or treatises previously translated from Scripture into English or any other tongue.”† We may remark in passing that Miss Deanesly does not quote this comment of Lyndwood's, though she refers to it.

As to the existence of such translations previous to Wycliffe's day—and on this the whole controversy turns—More insists :

Myself have seen, and can shew you, Bibles fair and old written in English, which have been known and seen by the bishop of the diocese, and left in laymen's hands, and women's, to such as he knew for good and catholic folk. But of truth all such as are found in the hands of heretics, they use to take away.

Miss Deanesly's comment on this is that “More had no doubt seen English Biblical translations in noblemen's

* For the actual text see Wilkins, *Concilia*, III, 317. The translation is that given by Johnson in his *Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws, Canons, etc.*, Part II, p. 466.

† Lyndwood, *Provinciale*, p. 285, given by Johnson, *l.c.* ; Lyndwood, it may be noted, was Bishop of St. David's, and therefore spoke with full knowledge of episcopal feeling on the subject.

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libraries, or perhaps those of nunneries." Indeed, she constantly refers to More's having "seen them in the houses of the great," though there is no hint of this in the *Dialogue*. Further, she questions whether he ever had known them to be "licensed": "Whether More inferred from the constitutions of 1408, that the Bibles he had seen had been licensed by the bishop for individual use, or whether he actually knew this to have been the case, is doubtful." Why? No reason is alleged. It is simply convenient to be able to discount More's authority!

But More goes much further than this. He points out that the decree of 1408

neither forbiddeth the translations to be read that were already well done of old before Wycliffe's days, nor damneth his because it was new, but because it was naught.

And again:

Wycliffe, whereas the whole Bible was long before his days by virtuous and well learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read, took upon of a malicious purpose to translate it of new.

Further still: commenting on the actual wording of the decree he says:

When the clergy therein agreed that the English Bibles should remain, which were translated afore Wycliffe's days, they consequently did agree that to have the Bible in English was no hurt.

Thus three times over More insists that the Bible was translated into English before Wycliffe's days. How is this piece of evidence treated by Miss Deanesly? Simply by saying that More merely guessed that such Bibles existed because the decree of 1408 implied it! That the Bibles he says he had seen were "in all probability . . . unreadable manuscripts of Anglo-Saxon gospels"! Perhaps the fairest comment on this is to quote the words of the *Preface* already given: "proclaim certainties as certain, falsehoods as false, and uncertainties as dubious."

Miss Deanesly appeals amongst other things to the

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witness of wills, of which she has examined 7,578 previous to A.D. 1526. In these only two French Bibles and twenty Vulgates figure; English Bibles are conspicuous by their absence, for only three copies are mentioned. But surely she must be well aware that the witness of wills on this point is peculiarly deceptive? Let us take twenty-one wills dating between A.D. 1445 and 1465. They are given *in extenso* in the *Munimenta Academica*, Vol. II, published in the *State Papers*, 1868. The testators comprise two Canonists, four "Chaplains," three laymen, two Fellows of Colleges, one woman, four Rectors or Vicars, three Masters in Arts, one Doctor in Theology, one Archdeacon—the same person figuring, of course, more than once; one of the Masters, for instance, is also Fellow of Lincoln. Now, if anybody should have left books in their wills it is the people in the above categories. Yet we find that out of these twenty-one no less than nine left no books at all! Does this prove they had none? Not in the least. For in three of these nine instances we have a subsequent inventory of their books. Thus the Vicar of Cookfylde, by name Caldey, died in 1451. He left no books, but in the inventory of his belongings we find that he had St. Thomas Aquinas, *De Malo* and *De Potentia*; he also had a *Commentary on the Prophets*, another on the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard, a glossed *Psalter* and a glossed copy of *St. Matthew*. It is true that no Bible figures among these books, but would Miss Deanesly be justified in arguing that therefore he had no Bibles or was dependent on copies in libraries? It is hard to see how Caldey could have read his *Commentary on the Prophets* without the text—and a readily accessible text. Take another instance: Thomas Bray, Master of Arts and Chaplain, bequeathed his official robe as a Regent—and twelve arrows! Are we to believe that a Regent had no books? A propos, too, of the term "Regent," how does Miss Deanesly know that a Regent means "officially lecturing" (p. 289)? The distinction between "Regent Masters" and "non-Regent Masters" is by no means clear; in the *Libri Cancelarii et Procuratorum*

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it is quite clear that both the Masters Regent and non-Regent govern the University, but it is by no means clear that the latter are not officially lecturing. This, however, by the way. To return to the question of the evidence furnished by wills. If Miss Deanesly will turn to the *Reliquary* for October, 1887, she will find there some forty abstracts of wills made in favour of the Friars Preachers at Thetford, or at least in Norfolk. Now, in not one of these—which cover the period between A.D. 1347 and 1553—is a single book mentioned. Arguing on the same lines as she has done in her book, she should conclude that the Friars Preachers were not book lovers—a conclusion which she knows to be false. Once more, it is surely logical to apply her mode of arguing to the certain pre-Wycliffite fragments of Bibles as well as to Bibles in general. Yet how often do the former figure in wills? In all Miss Deanesly's 7,578 wills there only appear twelve *Psalters*! Now, Rolle's *Psalter* and Hampole's were common books. Are we to imagine that only these few were devised during the period covered by these wills?

Mr. Coulton in his *Prefatory Note* says that errors in the volumes of the series in which this is the first will be promptly corrected. This may be a heavier task than he anticipated. Despite Miss Deanesly's laborious work and her evident equipment for her investigation of a very knotty problem, she now and again surprises us by betraying unexpected ignorance. Why, for instance, does she go out of her way, apparently, to say that Cardinal Hugo of Vienne compiled his Concordances "with the help of a committee of fifty" (p. 174)? The tradition always has been that he had five hundred helpers, not fifty; this is given, e.g., by Sixtus Senensis in his *Bib. Sancta*, V, 464. Then, again, while no one can blame her for not having read the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard, she should not say that "in the cathedral theology schools . . . the subject was . . . the *Sentences* . . . and instruction on the elements of the faith" (p. 191), as though the *Sentences* and catechetical instruction were practically convertible terms! Nor should she go on to say that "the friars

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lectured . . . on the *Sentences* . . . with an eye to *pastoral* theology" (p. 192)! On p. 167 there is a note on the Hebrew tenses which is, to say the least of it, misleading. Once more, what can she mean when she says, p. 176, that "Of the Latin Gospel harmonies, the *Diatessaron* of Tatian was the earliest"? The note makes matters worse: "The *Diat.* was used in a Latin translation." Apropos, too, of Trevisa's supposed translation of the Bible into English, referred to above, Miss Deanesly says that Bale and Pits follow Caxton, who asserts that Trevisa made this translation, and that Bale even goes "as far as giving the *incipit* of his translation: but that *incipit* coincides exactly with the dedicatory letter at the beginning of the *Polychronicon*"; she gives these two *incipits* in the note, p. 302, "*transtulit totum Bibliorum opus, sive Utrumque Dei testamentum. Lib. 2 (incipit) Ego, Johannis Trevisa, sacerdos.* The dedicatory epistle begins: I, John Trevisa, your priest and bedesman"; so that the two *incipits* are clearly not *identical*. There are other trivial mistakes; thus, on p. 384, "Malon" should be "Malou"; and on p. 371 she speaks of "the preface to the English Bible of 1609"; unless she is referring to the Douay Old Testament—which did appear in that year—this should be 1611. On p. 277 we are told that Purvey "compared his scholastic equipment not unfavourably with that of S. Thomas Aquinas." While prepared to believe a good deal about Purvey, one can hardly accept this, still less when we read his actual words: "I have many sharp doctors which he had not." When we speak of a man's "scholastic equipment" we do not generally refer to his library! The gem, however, of these "little oversights" occurs on pp. 180-181. Miss Deanesly complains that mediaeval writers, through quoting the Bible from memory, are often guilty of "surprising misquotations" which "are not merely verbal inaccuracies . . . One chronicler stated that 'Joseph took all the land of Egypt, except that of the priests.'" One is tempted to ask whether the "Lollard" Bible differed from the Hebrew and Vulgate text of Gen. xlvii. 22!

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A further instance of inaccuracy occurs on p. 283, where Roger Dymok is spoken of as a "monk"; as a matter of fact he was an exceedingly well-known Dominican who took his degree as Doctor of Theology at Oxford, was Prior of Boston in 1390, and afterwards, 1395, Regent of Studies at London. The "long Latin answer" to the Lollard *Twelve Conclusions* was addressed by Dymok to Richard II and the MS. is preserved in Trinity Hall library at Cambridge. It bears that king's arms and also his portrait on the first page, and was once the property of Anthony Roper, grandson of Bl. Thomas More.

These points may seem finicking. But they are symptomatic. We feel as we read her most interesting pages that they are almost too interesting. For while pretending to give a wide view of the question, and while apparently full of detailed knowledge, one rises from the book with the feeling that the authoress has never really grasped the position occupied by the Bible in the Middle Ages. At the same time Miss Deanesly has the mind of an historian, and consequently we fancy she will acknowledge the force of some words spoken at a meeting of the *Egypt Exploration Society* at the beginning of the current year, 1920 :

In writing history, where it is necessary to select and arrange the material, and from a multitude of small details to deduce the general sequence of events, nothing is easier than to lose touch with reality, to schematize the development too much, and to make statements more sweeping than the facts justify. The best safeguard against this fault is to steep oneself in the life of the time and, by the study of such more personal documents as have survived, to learn in what way contemporaries reacted to the events of their day. . . . Even in the end history must inevitably give a foreshortened and too highly coloured view of its subject matter.

But the real truth is—though it always sounds an invidious thing to say it : scholars outside the Catholic Church cannot rightly handle history. This is more especially true when it is a question of pre-Reformation history. For then they are dealing with an age when men

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were saturated with the principles if not with the practice of the faith, when their language was coloured by the doctrines they had imbibed with their mothers' milk, and when the Latin of the Vulgate Bible was extraordinarily familiar to all who could read or write—and to many who could do neither. Moreover, Catholic practices were so engrained that reference to them coloured every document, and this not so much by explicit statement as by allusions which take for granted that readers will understand precisely what is meant. To show how easy it is for non-Catholic writers to trip when dealing with such documents, let us take two typical examples. In the *Munimenta Academica*, referred to above and published by the Rev. Henry Anstey in 1868, we are given a selection of *Documents illustrative of Academical Life and Studies at Oxford*. The editor gives us the Latin originals with a synopsis in English in the margin. Under the year 1300, p. 78, we find a memorandum headed "The Order of Monks in Processions"; it runs as follows: "*Ordinatum fuit . . . quod albi monachi debeant procedere in processionibus quibuscunque post praedicatores et ante nigros monachos.*" This is the marginal translation: "In processions the preaching friars shall walk first, the white friars next, and after them the black friars." Could there be a more hopeless piece of confusion? One pities the Master of Ceremonies who had to marshal that procession! The next instance is even worse. Another memorandum lays down, p. 449, that since the relics of St. Frideswyde repose at Oxford and ought therefore to be especially honoured by the University, there shall be a yearly procession in the middle of the Lent term to implore the Saint's patronage, and the memorandum concludes with these words: "*Et quod missa ibidem solemniter habeatur de virgine supradicta.*" Will it be believed that the marginal translation runs: "Every Lent term there shall be a solemn procession to the church of St. Frideswyde, and mass for the repose of her soul"?

Now we are not saying that anything quite so egregious as this occurs in Miss Deanesly's pages, but still at every

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turn one is compelled to feel that she has not grasped the Middle Ages simply because she does not understand the Catholic Church.

HUGH POPE, O.P.

TWO CATHOLIC POETESSES

HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON KING

(MRS. HAMILTON KING)

IN dealing with Mrs. Hamilton King's poems, it may be desirable to make some kind of classification. First, poems dealing with the struggle of Italy for freedom from foreign domination and her unification as a Republic. Such poems are those in Mrs. Hamilton King's earliest published volume, *Aspromonte and Other Poems*, and in her riper and far more important book, *The Disciples*. A second group would give us poems of the imagination, chiefly to be found in *A Book of Dreams and Ballads of the North*. A third group would be of devotional poetry. Probably a fourth group would be needed for the inclusion of poems dealing with spiritual problems, such as *Dives*, *The Haunted Czar*, and others. In such grouping, we should, naturally, have to use a considerable elasticity of judgment.

The larger part of Mrs. Hamilton King's work was done before her entrance, in 1890, into the Church; an entrance no doubt prepared for by her association with the fine and noble workers and work at St. Albans', Holborn; an association recorded in some of her verse. It was at St. Albans, as she has told me, that she first learned the meaning of the word *Church*.

For the greater part of her life, Mrs. Hamilton King was more or less of an invalid. How much she suffered, and she suffered greatly, not only in bodily pain but in what she felt to be the cutting off from "solace of activity," none can know. But there is nothing morbid, nothing unhealthy in her work, and while, in her humility, she said that God had appointed her a lower place than the place of service, she had builded better than she knew :

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she had given true service and not from a lower place. Not only in her recorded thought and feeling, but in every way, up to the last, her deep interest in all great causes was unflagging; to the last her feeling was deep and strong for all struggle, all suffering, as well as for all freshness and beauty.

Lying on the couch, on which the greater part of her time was, of obligation, passed, she looked over to the illuminated text that hung upon the wall. The words of our Lord, *I am the vine*, were written on her heart, incised upon her whole being; and what they had taught her she taught in the unforgettable *Sermon in the Hospital*, that lovely jewel of her *Disciples*, to be the help and consolation of more than many.

The Disciples were the disciples of Mazzini, Mazzini, beloved by our poet from the first time, as she says, that her eyes fell on some words of his by chance. "I was a child then," she goes on to say. *The Disciples* is the reflection of a soul that has accepted all the best, as the best seemed to her, embodied in everything this leader thought and did. Perhaps it was that fine utterance of his which she gives as

Have for your watchword not the Rights of Man,
But this more sacred, more invincible,
Duties of Man, and Law of Life in God—

that first caught the eyes and heart of the sixteen-year-old girl who was to pour out so noble an adoration on him and on the cause which she absolutely accepted not only as the cause of Right, but as the cause untainted.

It was several years before she was able to fulfil the mission given to her by Mazzini himself. The book is full of her passion for the beauty of heroism, the glory of freedom, all to be realized by and by in the faultless beauty, the sublime heroism, the boundless freedom of the Church of God. She lived to know that wherein the fairest dreams become visions and the visions grow the larger and the fairer; wherein truths exaggerated or undervalued or misunderstood are swept into their place

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in divine equipoise as, each, a facet of the one entire and perfect chrysolite which is Truth.

Through some of her work, however, as specially here, she may have presented as truth what was only, and temporarily, subjective to her, we are conscious how the hem of the Garment has been touched; we are sure that the Garment has been kissed.

The finest things in the book are *The Overture*, the *Sermon in the Hospital* and the description of the journey of Ugo Bassi and his company Romewards, and the first sight of the greatest of all cities. Mrs. Hamilton King at this time had never seen Italy: she had never been out of England: her tellers and teachers were Murray's guide-books, and the shaping spirit of imagination. The book includes, besides passages that have the purple, sometimes in depth, sometimes in but a tinge, a good deal of metrical prose. Of this the poet herself was quite conscious and I believe that the anxiety to finish the book, in the face of difficulty and illness, accounts for much of it. The enthusiasm which pervades the book; the single-hearted admiration of all that Mrs. Hamilton King saw of good and noble in those whom, indeed, she apotheosized, as well as the intrinsic beauty of much of the poetry, appealed to a large audience, and the book became a popular one. Apart from its own merits, it was fortunate in its appearance in the early 'seventies. There was a large interest especially then in the movement in Italy, and many were still young who remembered their enthusiasm of the 'sixties for Garibaldi, and who saw, as they believed, the great *Italia Rediviva*, ignoring, as our poet ignored, as she knew not, the crime of sacrilegious robbery then staining the cause.

After the poet's conversion, Cardinal Manning was consulted as to what was to be done with regard to *The Disciples*, there being so much in it that could not have been there had Mrs. Hamilton King at the time of writing it held the Old Faith. His answer was the injunction not to alter a word; an injunction not possibly implying, as some have supposed, the Cardinal's approval, or even

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acceptance of certain parts of the book ; but, no doubt, rather from his knowledge of the impossibility of "converting" a book well known, and one that had passed through many editions. In any case, the book was then no longer the author's property, for it had been sold to Messrs. Kegan Paul.

By the publication of *A Book of Dreams*, in 1883, Mrs. Hamilton King more fully established her title to be counted among those who sing because they must. If indignation have made verse, may not admiration, still more passionate sympathy, love of humanity, have done so ? But we need to mark the impulse, the driving power impossible to resist, before we acknowledge in full the claim to that rank which, of degree whatsoever, is always accepted as rank.

No longer at the command of a loved and revered voice of power, but as one on whose lips the Muse herself has laid her immortal kiss, we hear the song and hail it. Things lovely have been whispered in the singer's ear, if yet they be strange to us. No longer the chaining of the steed with chains of gold however pure. Our poet sings, giving us a music of sweetness ethereal as the song of the lark in the highest reach of his soaring, or the response of the violin to the lyric cry of the soul. The gift of vision is here and the dreams are revelations of worlds wherein are things of wonder, unseen to the bodily eye. But in the last poem, *Awake*, the dreamer obeys the call to come down to the life of everyday with its needs, its joys, its pains. She resigns the gift that she has felt to have kept her apart from the near and sweet humanities, rejoicing in the sights and sounds the night-time has brought and which nothing can take away. Mrs. King's Dreamer feels that the gift unearned, unsought for, the wafted ghostly grace has, like a mist, severed her heart from its own race. A curtain of visionary sheen falls ever between her and the faces gathered around her ; a music unheard of any other dulls the clearness of the talk. The gift has brought apartness, almost separation, and so the resignation must be made.

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O world that needest singers
Like church bells clear and strong,
Let me ring truly in the strife
With human woe and wrong.

O Christ, whose hour of coming
The stars of morning keep,
Let me be found to meet Thee
Waking, and not asleep.

From *A Book of Dreams* we turn to the next volume, *Ballads of the North and Other Poems*, the principal of which is the indescribably beautiful *Ballad of the Midnight Sun*. In the strict sense of the word it can hardly be called a ballad, but, in its own kind, and it must be judged by its own kind, it is of wonderful and mysterious beauty, the finest of Mrs. King's poetry, as I cannot but think; it is real, if steeped in the atmosphere of a world to most of us unfamiliar, for Mrs. King has the gift of the maker as well as the gift of the seer. There is an enchantment about it which makes it as difficult to criticize as it is easy to admire. In her lovely youth and joyaunce the Queen is leading the dance when the cry comes to her of him whose great unconfessed love has been hers. It is a cry from the far north, the land of the Midnight Sun, where the traveller of renown is lying, fever and famine stricken; the cry of him to whom the world has been nothing but she alone.

The Queen comes to him and hers is the breast on which the dying head is pillowed, hers the arms that clasp him round. The six hours pass, and At the sixth hour there stirred only The soft wave on the beach; Two were lying stilly, Past sound or speech, Fair and carven faces, Each by each. And, in her southern palace, the Queen is lying in a trance that seems a death. When she wakes at last, at the sixth hour, "She tells no tale."

The First of June is another of Mrs. King's finest and most characteristic poems. The intimacy with nature, the knowledge of the living creatures and the spirits of flowers, the lilt of her music, the deathlessness of love:

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all these things are here. One who has long lain in the double shadow of illness and bereavement wakes suddenly, on a First of June, to health and strength. "I wake, but is it I?"

I feel no more these limbs of pain,
I draw no sobbing breath,
Life has come back to me at last,
And God remembereth.

She wanders out, while the house is sleeping yet, into the meadow. Clover and daisies are about her feet and the cry of the cuckoo is in her ear. A kingfisher, unseen in that place for long, flashes by her. Up to the leas of sweetest grass; the lambs crowded on the hill do not run from her, and the field-mice flit along like little friends at play. The whole description of the spirit-walk is lovely, as she passes on into the greenwood's heart, to lie under the shade of the stateliest of the oaks, there on a bed of moss. "How can such utter weariness So suddenly be past?" And then the meeting comes.

O, can it be you come back at last?
And where is it I meet with you?
Are not the waste wide waters
Of Death between us two?

Do you not know that you have come
Across the waves in sleep?
And this is your birthday morning
Together we will keep?

'The loveliness of a spiritual earth is here.

In *The Shade of Chatterton*, "the marvellous boy" is supposed to have been for long a wanderer, until at last,

Out of a hundred years of waste,
Of seas without a mark,
The dove on weary wing beats back
To the ark.

St. Albans' Church has arisen in the place of his last earth-wanderings.

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You built a church for sanctuary
Thither I fled ;
You worshipped there, I listened to
The words you said ;
You kept the vigils of the year,
Remembering the dead ;
You wrote my name, by all who pass
To be read.

He has kissed the Cross on the door and clasped it close.
In that church he stays day and night, feeling apart from
those who worship there, and crying out of the depths to
Him by whom he thinks himself spurned. He has not
known the creed of Christ. He says of himself :

All glorious things within me stirred,
As in the bud ;
Heroic deeds and wonderful
Throbbled in my blood ;
I wove them into words I half
Understood.

And yet he feels that in that house he is no longer
desolate.

One cannot help recalling that the last of the five articles
of Chatterton's "creed" was "The Church of Rome
. . . is certainly the true Church."

In *The Haunted Czar*, *Dives*, *The Impenitent Thief*, we
see what may be called a very aspiration after purgatory ;
a passionately intense longing for the pardon and the peace
of all, as their perfecting carried out and their growth
assured after their having passed the boundaries of this
present life. She turns her hell into a purgatory for the
helping and healing and development of souls. She groped,
but in her groping was not far from the altar-stair ; and
one feels what blessedness, what calm, the acceptance on
authority of the dogma of purgatory must have brought
to her ; what joy in the chartered right to belief, in the
actual command of belief in the purging and healing of
souls not yet prepared for the terrible whiteness of heaven.

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What joy, too, in the knowledge of the unforgetfulness of the parted, a knowledge she had afterwards come to possess. No need, as she knew later on, for the murdered Roman Romanovitch to bear the reproach of having forgotten to pray for his murderer, seeing that he could not but have prayed.

In 1895 Mrs. King published a small volume entitled *The Prophecy of Westminster and Other Poems in Honour of Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning*. Some of these are included in the volume whose title poem is *The Hours of the Passion*. But that book does not reprint *The Cardinal's Peace*, a poem commemorating an event which had a powerful influence over Mrs. King's life. In August, 1889, took place the great strike of the dockers, in the settlement of which the Cardinal, the man of peace and goodwill, played so important a part. Mrs. King, full of noble sympathy, went down to the docks and learned much of what these things mean. It was then that she met Cardinal Manning, and it was not long afterwards that she received at his hands the greatest gift of her life : the membership of the Catholic Church. The poems included in *The Prophecy of Westminster* are full of the convert's loving admiration and reverence for the Cardinal. The book is a monument to him.

From Giuseppe Mazzini, the hero of her youth and early womanhood, to Henry Edward Manning, seems, at first sight, a great leap indeed. Yet it is not difficult to understand. The one did not exclude the other in her mind. In the Cardinal she found all that she believed in Mazzini, that spirit of holy poverty, that love of men, that passion of rescue, that strength of the divine, that claim for the duties of man rather than the rights of man ; those duties that go to the making of the great duty itself in which is irrevocably included, not the refusal of the rights of man, but their ampler and nobler recognition.

The Prophecy of Westminster is in itself a beautiful poem as well as a tribute to a great Arch-priest. King Edward the Confessor goes to the Hermit of Thorney

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Isle, whom he had seen the night before, beckoning to him beside his bed. The Hermit tells him how he is to rebuild the House of God where the house consecrated by St. Peter himself had once stood—

This thy great Minster of the West
Grows in its place, O King ;
Like dreams it seems of carved gleams
Of angels' fashioning ;
The height, the depth, the mystery
Of heaven's imagining.

And the Hermit tells the King how the See of Canterbury, set for rise and fall, is one day to lose her Pallium, and the great Minster is to be desolate for a time and the hour of restoration is to come. The Hermit's vision is of one who is to bring greater grace to Westminster than the grace she had lost, for the Shepherd is come to feed the flock that has long been shepherdless :

Sink down, O City, into sleep.
He has you in his care.

The Hours of the Passion and Other Poems contains, beside the name-poem, a good deal of devotional song. This was the last volume that our poet published. It is, it seems to me, a pity that she included in it reprints of poems belonging to another period of work, such as *The Impenitent Thief*, which naturally classes with *Dives* and *The Haunted Czar* and was published with them in *Ballads of the North and Other Poems*. In *The Hours of the Passion* the soul hears the great call, Could ye not watch with Me ? It must be answered, the service be given, and as the Master demands, not as the servant would choose. Not in the beauty of earth, though dedicated to Him ; not for the slumber of refreshing, that work for Him may be the better done ; not for the gifts to Him of gathered fruit ; not for the freeing of the bound ; not for the feeding of His little ones ; not for the joy of the roses to crown Him withal ; not for work in the

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world to be done for Him ; but in the call to Him, to His very self, to the fellowship of His Passion and His Cross.

The closing poem of the book is *Songs of My Life*. This poem is perhaps the most beautiful as poetry of all in the collection. The vision of the Golden Oriole has been hers. Many a bird-song she has sung ; the Song of the Lark, the Song of the Swan, of the Bird of Paradise ; but the Songs were not for life, not for death, not for the passing through the open gate, and the Song of the Swallow, faring forth, was not the song of her own call to that faring. The next note to break the stillness will be—what ? The Nightingale's ? The Robin's ? A harsher note ?

But whoso in these Northern lands, they say,
Once sees the Golden Oriole on her nest,
Once hears the glorious singing of her mate,
Knows that the spring will not return for him
On earth, and waits his certain hour in peace.

She has heard the song of the mate of the Golden Oriole.

She, our singer, was, as her work testifies, and as all who had the joy and good of knowing her can doubly testify, *not of the world* ; she, who sang of deeds heroic, of depths of suffering, of heights of joy ; who sang of the “ creatures of the air, allied more nearly to winged spirits and to souls made free ” ; who sang of the flowers from the heart of an intimacy that was more than knowledge ; who sang of the agony of Her who had “ dared the dazzling deeps of joy Whereof none knew, and none could bear ” but the One who shared the Passion of her Divine Son ; who sang, too, of that Lady's joys, and saw the lovely pair, Child and Mother, playing in the grass and flowers of England ; one who loved, knowing the meaning of that greatest of all things, that charity which outlives the passing of unneeded hope, of faith lost in sight.

EMILY HICKEY.

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LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

(Born 1861; died *All Souls' Day*, 1920.)

"*IN the Royal Galley of Divine Love there is no galley-slave: all the rowers are volunteers.*" This saying of Saint Francis de Sales, quoted by Louise Imogen Guiney, is significant of the gallant spirit, the steady devotion to high impersonal aims, which, combined with generous sympathies and spontaneous brilliance of expression, gave to her life and works a charm, an inspiration, a unity in diversity, difficult to sum up in an epigram, but vividly felt by all who came in contact with her.

Often the lives of authors make gloomy reading, and sometimes an author when encountered in the flesh is less attractive than the creations of his muse. But admirers of Miss Guiney's poetry and essays, who knew her first through her published utterances and afterwards won her friendship, would agree that her literary ideals and personal characteristics were admirably in accord. She did not conserve her most illuminating criticisms, her poetic imaginings, her frequent flashes of wit, to hoard them for print: her letters to her friends, even her most casual notes, all bear the stamp of a mind in which sincerity and graciousness, fastidiousness of taste and ardent enthusiasm, keen artistic sensibilities and pungent gaiety were irradiated by the steady light of a spirit uncompromisingly opposed to the superficial, half-hearted, or mercenary and self-seeking elements in life and letters.

Seldom has any author been more conspicuously free from vanity. Those who were privileged best to know her loved her for her blending of humility with robust moral courage, of refreshing "common sense" with uncommon scorn of mere expediency; of deep piety with humorous horror of cant, of gentle manners and melodious voice with warrior-swift insight into the characters of saints, men of action, and heroic poets of different eras and races.

Whimsical as her talk and writing sometimes seemed—for she had certain antique principles and preferences

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which appeared to some prosaic persons scarcely consistent with her American citizenship—beneath the dancing play of her fancy there was a rock of immutable faith; and on this was built the fortress of her life. Her affection for the active saints, Saint Paul, Saint Sebastian, Saint George, Saint Patrick, Saint Martin of Tours, and the tardily canonized Jeanne d'Arc—saints who were not just edifying names to her, but perpetual "fire and wings" to cheer and to inspire—was characteristic of one who never forgot she was a soldier's daughter. Her father, General Patrick Robert Guiney, died when she was a young girl; but the happy memory of his companionship was with her always. The Boston home of her youth must have provided a stimulating *milieu* for a poetess who attained distinction when not long out of her teens; yet her main ideas seem to have been evolved more from devotion to her mental affinities in the Invisible Army of the heroic dead than by the influence of any relation or friend (however dear) among the living.

"What a delightful letter you have given me," she wrote in 1914 from her beloved Oxford, when invited to a Kentish country house that had weathered the storms of centuries: "When you say 'old manors' and 'Claverhouse' you call me to the portcullis to salute. (I assure you I live in the cock-loft or the dungeon, for the most part—being of a hermitical turn whenever I get the chance). . . . Not many days ago, by way of taking a needed rest, I walked many miles to Great Tew, where Falkland's lovely walled gardens are a-bloom near his unlocated grave. *Oh, those Seventeenth Century friends.*"

Interested in moral and spiritual progress, she could recognize no virtue in the type of material progress which consists in ruthless extinction of the graces; nor would she tolerate the class of "literature" from which everything exalted, ardent, or exquisite, is drastically excluded, on the pretext that "realism" would be outraged by such flights:

The play which leaves us miserable and bewildered, the harrowing social lesson leading nowhere, the transcript from

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commonplace life in which nothing is admirable but the faithful skill of the author—these are bad morals because they are bad art. . . . Many of the Elizabethan dramas are dark and terrible ; but they compel men to think, and teach more humanities than a University course.

"Wilful sadness in literature" she denounced as "nothing less than an actual crime." But "sadness which is impersonal, reluctantly uttered, and adjusted (in the utterance) to the eternal laws, is not so. . . . Melancholy, indeed, is inseparable from the highest art. We cannot wish it away ; but we can demand a mastery over it. . . . Art is made of seemly abstinences. The moment it speaks out fully, lets us know all, ceases to represent a choice and a control of its own material,—ceases to be, in short, an authority and a mystery, and prefers to set up for a mere Chinese copy of life—just so soon its birthright is transferred." *

Her own poem *To an Ideal* wafts us back into the atmosphere of some of her "starry gentlemen" of the Seventeenth Century (reminiscent as it is of Henry Vaughan, of whose work she was preparing a critical appreciation when her final illness smote the pen from her hand) :

That I have tracked you from afar, my crown I call it and my height,

All hail, O dear and difficult star ! All hail, O heart of light !

No pleasure born of time for me,

Who in you touch eternity !

If I have found you where you are, I win my mortal fight.

But the poem in which unconsciously she reveals most of herself is *The Knight Errant*, where Saint George speaks with the voice of Louise Imogen Guiney :

Spirits of old that bore me,
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great deeds before me,
And deeds as great behind,—

O give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire :
A short life in the saddle, Lord !
Not long life by the fire.

* *Wilful Sadness in Literature*, 1892.

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Self-revealing, too, is the *Ode for a Master-Mariner ashore*:

There in his room, where the moon looks in,
To silver now a shell and now a fin,
And o'er his chart glides like an argosy,—
Quiet and old sits he.
Danger! He hath grown heart-sick for thy smile!

And Danger, whom the old seaman erstwhile wooed as a bride, is adjured to whirl him out—even if only in a dream—from dull drab safety into welcome storm, and grant him a ship in which to go down, dauntless to the end.

Age, in Louise Guiney's poems, is always lovable, always tenderly depicted; perhaps most conspicuously so in her imitations of epitaphs from the Greek Anthology:

Me, deep-tressèd meadows, take to your loyal keeping,
Hard by the swish of sickles, ever in Aulon sleeping,
Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done with reaping.

When Charles Lamb was told that his work did not "suit the age," he responded cheerfully, "Damn the age! I'll write for antiquity!" And this retort Miss Guiney delighted to remember. She had much in common with Elia, even to her love for the Bodleian, which she described as her "Mecca," and from which she could not endure to remain long absent. But never was there any book-lover less of a proverbial dryasdust. Wearing her scholarship with as debonair a gaiety as one of her Cavalier poets would have worn his jewel-hafted rapier, she was never supercilious to the unlearned.

Perhaps her versatility and charm were partly owing to the contrasting nationalities which went to the making of the mortal part of her. Protesting against being described as an "Irish-American," she pointed out that she was an "Irish-French-Scots-English-American!" Certainly she had some of the elements of all these races, blended in a manner which was entirely her own.

"My father," she declared, "used to say my character

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was 'wholly un-Irish'; and I am sure my tight, unfertile, law-and-order muse is so. But in Ireland, in its history and people, I have an unchanging interest." "Tight, unfertile," are hardly the epithets which fall most readily from the lips of a reader who remembers *The Wild Ride*:

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the saddle,
Weather-worn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.
The trail is through dolour and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or
entice us:

What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the
riding. . . .

We spur to a land of no-name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.

Thou ledest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

Yet, in spite of (or perhaps because of) this keen zest in life, this love of movement, the gift of timely tranquillity also was hers; and however busy, however strenuous, she never appeared perturbed or in a hurry. In some of her idylls there is a hush so exquisite as to be almost unearthly: the moonlit *Nocturne*, the antique Christmas Carols, the stately cadences of *Beati Mortui*, the concentrated calm power of *The Inner Fate* are notable instances; and in a few graphic lines she could paint pictures of rural peace—whether in New England or Old—seemingly so spontaneous in their dewy freshness that they shine like mirrored nature rather than conscious art. Three slender books of her verse, *The White Sail* (1887), *A Roadside Harp* (1893), *England and Yesterday* (1898), have long been numbered among bibliographical rarities—as is her brilliant, tender, and stimulating prose sketch of *Monsieur Henri* (Henri de la Rochejacquelin, of Vendée fame: "a dear fellow and a hard hitter," as one of his friends lovingly remarked). Even *Happy Ending*, the most recent of her books, containing what she modestly described as "the less faulty half" of all her published verse, is out of print.

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Of her most characteristic prose works, her edition of James Clarence Mangan (1897), her introduction to some of the lyrics of Lionel Johnson, her monograph on the heroic Jesuit *Campion*, and her sparkling, wise, and witty series of essays ("Patrins: to which is added an Inquirendo into the Wit and other good Parts of His late Majesty King Charles the Second"), only the *Campion* biography is now to be had. Unprocurable also is *The Scent of Lilies*, a romantic soul-drama of a conversion, cast in the form of a short story.* To allow it to remain buried in the back files of a periodical will be a loss to literature. Miss Guiney's own family was one which never departed from the Catholic faith:

It is all but certain [she told the present writer] that we come from the old Gyneys of Norfolk and Rutland; but it can't be proved. There is a great gap, bridged only by tradition: the gap due to the fact that too many of my ancestors, generation after generation, died while their children were very young. My father only remembered hearing from his father one remark of a genealogical nature: "Cressy was a good battle, Rob, and *we* were in it." Long after he quoted this to me, I looked the matter up and found there *was* a Sir Roger Gyney at Cressy, and also his brothers Robert and Thomas, all of Norfolk.

My grandfather Guiney, born in Ireland (husband of a Scots wife, Judith Macrae), was far more drawn to Ireland than to any other country, and managed to work "*Patrick*" into the name of every one of his seven sons, except the youngest who was plain "William." Only two of the seven lived to grow up and marry. The old Gyney Christian names, Roger, John, Robert, William, we have never lost.

My grandfather Guiney's grandfather was born in France (near Marseilles) of a French mother, so you see we are rather "mixed" on that side. Holding to the Catholic faith had a lot, almost everything, to do with our getting poorer and poorer. I sold the last acre I owned, in 1910, at the death of my American mother (whose people were Lancashire Holdens and County Carlow Dowlings and Doyles).

The essay headed *Irish* (in the out-of-print "*Pat-*

*Published in 1912 in the *Catholic World*.

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rins," Boston, 1901) reveals on every page its author's love for the past :

The country is full of ruins and traditions. . . . A gander off on a holiday, with his white spouse and their pretty brood, lifts his paternal hiss at the passer by from a Druid's altar ; and where the young lambs lie, in a windy spring, to lee of their mothers, is a magnificent doorway . . . with its broken inscription an *Orate* for immemorial Kings. . . . A rock is overturned under a yew tree, and discloses horns and knives elder than Clontarf. . . . There can be no other country so fatal to the antiquarian ; for zest and labour are superfluous, and a long course of incomparable luck must drive him for very satiety from the field.

But, much as she was fascinated by the element of ancient romance in Ireland, perhaps her warmest personal preference was for her "Seventeenth Century friends," the English Cavaliers, whom in some respects she so much resembled. For boys of all ages she had a tireless sympathy ; and there are many at Oxford and elsewhere who are proud to owe to her their first awakening to the enchantments of poetry and the perennial human interest of history. She realized more acutely than most the unity of past, present, and future ; and for her the past remained always vividly alive :

The soul hath sight
Of passionate yesterdays, all gold and large,
Arisen to enrich our narrow night.

Sunny-tempered, sweetly scornful as she was of "wilful sadness," yet the chill breath of bygone tragedies, "the winds of old defeat," breathed on her across the gulf of ages :

In my soul abide
Urgings of memory ; and exile's pain
Weighs on me, as the spirit of one slain
May throb for the old strife wherein he died.

Yet with this intense love of the past there was none of the bitterness which sometimes mars such love.

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High above hate I dwell :
O storms, farewell!
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,—
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall,
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love behind.

Love—as Empedocles used the word, to mean the spiritual element that harmonizes, constructs, creates, inspires, uplifts and strengthens—was the keynote of her life. Her heroes were not always those who had been victorious, but necessarily those who were inviolably faithful. Very poignant in its calm beauty—surging up into sudden tragic foreboding at the end—is her *Vigil-at-Arms* :

Keep holy watch, with silence, prayer, and fasting,
Till morning break and every bugle play.
Unto the One aware from everlasting
Dear are the winners: thou art more than they.
Forth from this peace on manhood's way thou goest,
Flushed with resolve, and radiant in mail;
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,
O Knight elect! O soul ordained to fail!

That he who is led captive may be yet greater than his conqueror was said very long ago: that the apparent overthrow of a true hero can be the occasion of his most lasting moral triumph, has been proved repeatedly; and the Knight-Errant fired by the "passion for perfection" must go down into the Valley of the Shadow, and face the Dark Night of the Soul, before he may hope to see the mystic dawn or gather the golden rose:

A man said to his angel,
"My spirits are fallen thro',
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother, what shall I do?" . . .

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Then said to the man his angel,
"Thou wavering foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or lose the whole,
As judged by the little judges
Who harken not well, nor see?
Not thus by the outer issue
The wise shall interpret thee!". . .
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;
To fear not sensible failure
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall.*

True to this standard, "the Paladin" kept her banner afloat to the last, through dragging and difficult years which to a less gallant spirit might have seemed grey with the shadow of defeat—such material defeat as disinterested lovers of letters must not flinch from facing, in an age when literature has become so organized a trade that the handicap is ever increasingly heavy for those few who still approach it devotedly as a vocation.

Such writers as Louise Imogen Guiney follow a star invisible as yet to the oft-quoted "man in the street," who not only in politics but in art and letters is being prematurely pressed into the part of world-dictator. Despite the appreciation given her in Boston and among an unostentatious but faithful audience this side of the Atlantic, her fame—if by "fame" we mean popularity—will be a revenue payable chiefly to her ghost. It now remains to be shown whether her natal continent America, or her second home Oxford, will be the first to produce a collected edition of her complete works. When the word "education" is on everybody's lips, the assumption that what pleases the fastidious few must necessarily for ever fail to fascinate the many, is no dazzling homage to the goddess Progress.

Sooner or later "Time's old daughter Truth" must

*From *A Roadside Harp*.

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distinguish between writers who caricature her in the fashionable costume of the changing moment and those who worship reverently at her hidden shrine and then go bravely forth into the world to champion her eternal beauty. In which rank stands Louise Imogen Guiney there can be no question. And, like Spenser's angels, she spent herself ungrudgingly, "*All for love and nothing for reward.*"

E. M. TENISON.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION*

EINSTEIN published his "special" Theory of Relativity in 1905, and his general Theory, including a new Law of Gravitation, in 1915. Though a considerable literature has grown about the subject, it is to be feared that the state of bewilderment of the "general reader" with regard to those theories has not been relieved. And it may also be predicted that the bewilderment will continue for all those who refuse to consider a few simple mathematical expressions whose quantitative invariance is all-important in each of the theories. The meaning of a four-dimensional continuum must also be grasped; for otherwise the statement of the theory to the uninitiated would resolve itself into a disquieting account of changes, according to position and motion, of things which are usually regarded as invariant, such as the length of the standard metre rod, or the hours recorded by the most perfect timepiece.

But, as Einstein puts it, "the non-mathematician is seized by a mysterious shuddering when he hears of four-dimensional things, by a feeling not unlike that awakened by thoughts of the occult." He adds: "And yet there is no more commonplace statement than that the world in which we live is a four-dimensional Space-Time continuum." The truth of that is obvious once we consider what is implied by the statement that Space is a continuum of three dimensions; namely, that the position of every particle of matter in Space can be uniquely denoted at any moment by three numbers, the numbers, for instance, that describe the perpendicular distances of the particle from three planes mutually at right angles, such as the two walls and the floor which meet in the corner of a room. Consider now the universe of events that happen to particles of matter; these events form a continuum in both Space and Time, and every one of

**Relativity: A Popular Exposition.* By A. Einstein. (Methuen).

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them has to be characterized by four numbers, three of which give the position in space, while the remaining one denotes the time of the event. The continuum of events is therefore four-dimensional.

Now all our methods of measuring time depend on the motion of some body (pendulum, hand of clock, etc.) or beam of light through Space. And yet, before the advent of Einstein's theory, it was universally assumed that the Time-Continuum and the intervals in it were quantitatively absolute and independent of the Space-Continuum, whose distance intervals were also supposed to be absolute. Many physicists of modern times use "metaphysical" as an epithet of reproach; some of them have flung it at Einstein, who might well retort that their own assumptions about Space and Time stamp themselves as "metaphysicians," and bad ones at that.

Those assumptions worked out all right in the classical mechanics of Galileo and Newton; but that fact could not be said to prove them, forming as they did one body with a number of other unproved assumptions. It was through the results of optical experiments that their validity first came to be questioned.

It was noted a long time ago that Newtonian Dynamics could give us information only about the position and velocity of objects relative to one another, and could tell us nothing about the absolute position and the absolute velocity of any body, even supposing the phrase to have a real material interpretation. But in the theory of Optics a universal ocean or medium called Aether was postulated, and it seemed not impossible that velocities of bodies relative to this impalpable substance might be discovered, something more "absolute" than their motion relative to one another.

The earth, for instance, moves round the Sun at an average rate of about 30 kilometres a second, and changes direction in a half-year. We do not know how the sun is moving; but at any rate, it is overwhelmingly probable that the earth at any given time is moving through the Aether with considerable speed. Now if you stand

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midway between the two ends of the deck of a liner which is moving with great velocity, and if bells are struck simultaneously at each end, you will hear the bell in front sooner than the other one. If you note the difference in time, and know the velocity of sound in still air, you can calculate the speed of the ship. But experiments, based on the same principle, with regard to our motion through the Aether, have always given a null result. The measured velocity of light in kilometres per second is always the same, and the absolute speed of the earth through the Aether seems to make no difference in the phenomena. These two results of experiments were taken by Einstein as the foundation of a new physical theory, and together they constitute the "special" Principle of Relativity enunciated by him in 1905.

FitzGerald, of Trinity College, Dublin, suggested, a good while before Einstein, an explanation of the failure of the optical and other experiments, made to determine the "absolute" velocity of the earth. As Aether surrounds all matter and percolates its "pores," it may be that motion of matter through Aether causes a change in the dimensions of matter. FitzGerald pointed out that if this change consisted in a uniform contraction of lengths in the direction of motion, while lengths perpendicular to that direction remain unchanged, all the failures would be "according to plan." For small velocities, the contraction would be very minute; and it would require a velocity somewhat greater than 42,000 kilometres a second relative to Aether to decrease lengths by one-hundredth. All kinds of matter must be affected uniformly by this law of contraction. It supposes a practically fixed Aether which is to be taken as "absolute" Space; and the laws of nature are engaged in a conspiracy to conceal our "absolute" motion through this Space from us.

I think it may be said that Einstein manages matters without any reference to the impalpable Aether, a fact which has brought upon him the wrath of an older school of physicists. He takes a universe of material bodies, whose position and velocity can be known only relatively

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to one another, and of rays of light whose velocity, measured in kilometres per second, is the same for all observers. He interprets the contraction as follows. A and B are two observers moving relatively to each other. Their units of length, time and mass are the metre, the second and the gram, respectively. Each communicates to the other his "map" of the structure of events in Space and Time. A is forced to the conclusion that B's metre is shorter than his own in a certain ratio (the same as the FitzGerald contraction), and that B's second is longer than his own, in the same ratio. Each observes that the mass, and the momentum in a given direction, of a system of bodies are conserved, and this also forces A to conclude that B's gram is greater than his own, again in the same ratio. These conclusions are made with mathematical rigour from the fact that each finds the velocity of light to be 300,000 kilometres per second; admitting that, we may not shirk them. But here a great paradox turns up. B is moving relatively to A, hence A is also moving relatively to B, and B must think the same things about A's measures as A does about B's. Professor Eddington cites the case of Gulliver, and remarks that Swift could never have dreamt of islands where Lilliputians would regard Gulliver as a dwarf, or where Brobdingnagians would consider him a giant!

A and B are in agreement about the succession or simultaneity of events that happen to the same body, but they cannot arrive at a common notion of simultaneity in regard to events happening to different bodies.

A few of these strange things might be said to have found experimental support before Einstein's announcement of his principle. The small period of vibration of a light-atom of given colour, for instance, may be taken as a good measure of time; it was found to increase, apparently, through motion of the light-emitting body in the line of sight, the increase being indicated by a slight displacement of the given colour towards the red, or "slower" end of the spectrum. Also the mass or "inertia" of certain small particles, which move with enormous speed, was

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found to increase with the velocity. These facts were taken as supporting the "electron theory" of matter; they might equally well be taken as supporting Einstein's theory of the fundamental structure of events.

The velocity of light is the greatest velocity that occurs in Einstein's scheme; and, as we have seen, it has the same measured value for all observers, no matter what their motion may be. If B is moving away from A with velocity u , and if C, according to B's measures, is moving away from B in the same line with velocity v , A will not reckon C's velocity to be $u+v$, but something less than that. No matter how many velocities are "compounded" together in this manner, their "sum" will always be less than the velocity of light.

It was Minkowski who gave the unifying touch of mathematical genius to all this mass of details; without him, as Einstein says, "the general theory of Relativity would perhaps have got no farther than its long clothes." Minkowski was the Descartes of Relativity. The fundamental concept of Euclidean geometry is that of the fixed interval, the distance, between two points in Space. To Descartes is due the method of "mapping" Space by reference to three planes mutually at right angles, the two walls and floor of which we have spoken already. Take two points in Space; let s be the distance, or interval between them, and let x , y , z , be the differences between their respective distances from the three planes. Then, by Euclid I. 47 (the theorem of Pythagoras), we can prove that

$$s^2 = x^2 + y^2 + z^2.$$

We may change x , y , and z , by changing the orientation of our walls and floor of reference, but s remains constant. Between any two points in such a Space there lies what, for want of a better term, we shall call a "necessary" or "unique" path, the straight line. Mathematically, its uniqueness has to be ensured as follows. If the two points be joined by all sorts of lines, and the sum of the intervals between the adjacent points on those lines be

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reckoned, the sum of the intervals on the straight line will be a *minimum*. And no amount of reasoning will get us away from having to postulate the "absolute" thing called "the interval between two adjacent points."

Minkowski saw that Einstein's mathematics amounted to a postulation of an "absolute" interval between two events in what he calls Space-Time, the world of events, which we have seen to be four-dimensional. Let us take the second as unit of time, and the velocity of light per second (300,000 kilometres) as unit of length; all ordinary distances will then be represented by very small fractions, but the unit is chosen in the interest of simplicity. Let P and Q be any two "adjacent" events, let t be the time between them, and let x, y, z , be the differences between their perpendicular distances from our planes of reference. In pre-Einsteinian days, both t^2 and $x^2+y^2+z^2$ would each have been considered invariants; Minkowski proved that in Einstein's scheme of things it is only the quantity

$$s^2 = t^2 - x^2 - y^2 - z^2.$$

that remains invariant for all observers, no matter what their motion may be. This s became for him, therefore, the "absolute" interval between two adjacent events. It has a definite physical meaning when the two events happen to the same body; then it is equal to the time between the two events, as reckoned by an observer moving with the body. Minkowski calls it the "proper time" (*Eigenzeit*) between two such events.

In this four-dimensional world of Space-Time we shall expect the "necessary" or "unique" paths to be the tracks of material particles as they move from one event in their history to another, unhindered by the shock or influence of other bodies. If we look for the mathematical counterpart of this, something corresponding to the description already given of a straight line in Space, we find the following. Take any two events X and Y. Let them be joined together in any number of ways through a series of sub-events adjacent to each other; and let the Minkowski "intervals" be summed along all these joining

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lines. The only "necessary" or uniquely defined track is that along which the sum of those intervals is, not a *minimum* this time, but a *maximum*. When translated into the Space of our experience, this is found to be equivalent to Newton's First Law of Motion.

The "absolute" world of Space-Time is then four-dimensional, and it is only with elements of Space and Time combined that invariants can be formed. The Space that we see is only a three-dimensional "facet" of this four-dimensional universe; we see different facets as we change our motion, and Minkowski shows us how to join them together in the four-dimensional whole, just as we join mentally in a three-dimensional picture the two-dimensional aspects of the same mountains seen on the horizon from different parts of a country. There is, of course, the important distinction that Minkowski's universe is an intellectual synthesis (as apprehended by us) with no imaginative counterpart. We can form a three-dimensional image in our minds, though the pictures on the retina are only two-dimensional; that is due to the adjustment of the two eyes for different distances. But we cannot form a four-dimensional image.

Again, the difference of sign should be noted in the time and space elements in the invariant $s^2 = t^2 - x^2 - y^2 - z^2$. The time-element t^2 is *plus*, and the space-elements x^2 , y^2 , z^2 , are *minus*. Formally, from the point of view of mathematics, the signs do not make much difference, but that fact should not be allowed to obscure the real distinction between Time and Space, a bigger distinction even than there is between winning £100 and losing it—and there the mathematician would merely write +100 or -100. Hence it is to be feared that Minkowski was only shouting after a mathematical victory when he wrote that "henceforth Space and Time in themselves vanish to shadows, and only a kind of union of the two preserves an independent existence."

Further, Minkowski's universe is only an "ideal" one, in the sense that it takes no account of gravitation. It gives a picture only of a world in which there is nothing

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but rays of light and small elastic bodies, moving freely or colliding, but without gravitational force. It would also describe the internal situation for the inhabitants of a closed room falling freely or describing an orbit by itself in space ; within such a room, moving without constraint, there would be no such thing as weight. A stone released from the hand would not fall to the floor, and if you jumped slightly, you would ascend till your head hit the ceiling. But in the "big world" things are not so. Planets, and even projectiles on the earth, do not move with uniform speed in straight lines. What Einstein did in 1915 was to find a mathematical description, taking account of gravitation, of the universe of Space-Time.

What was wrong with Newton's Law of Gravitation, which stated that there was attraction between every pair of bodies in the universe, proportional to the product of their masses divided by the square of the distance between them? First of all there was a philosophic difficulty about action at a distance ; but I think that could be got over if the Law were simply regarded as a description of the ordering of events in Space and Time, and if people dropped their schemes of filling "Aether" with vortices and other engines in order to explain changes of "absolute" motion. But there is also the objection that neither the "product of the masses" nor the "square of the distance" are uniquely defined quantities, since both mass and distance depend quantitatively on the relative motion of the bodies to the observer.

Besides, there was a slight but well-noted discrepancy between Newton's Law and the facts of observation. The orbit of Mercury, in particular, which on Newton's theory ought to be an ellipse fixed relatively to the Sun, is changing its orientation slowly round in the direction of the planet's motion at the rate of 43 seconds of angle in a century. The orbits of the other planets are also supposed to be wheeling round, but through the slowness of the rate and other causes it is difficult to disengage the fact from the accidental errors of astronomers.

Einstein set himself to discover in general, by mathema-

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tical reasoning, the kind of Laws of Nature which could regulate a four-dimensional continuum, supposing the continuum to conform to Minkowski's model in any small portion of itself, such as the interior of a single room moving unhindered in free space. One such set of laws could be deduced from the supposition that the whole universe conformed to that model. Such being not the case, Einstein built, by combining the mathematical expressions of that set of laws in a way that is proved to be unique, a smaller number of laws, a less stringent set. He tested them for motion in the field of the Sun, found them to accord accurately with facts, and named them the Law of Gravitation. But they contain much more than the ordinary concept of gravitation; in them are also included all the laws which govern the motion of discrete particles and of continuous masses, in fact the laws of dynamics. However, we shall not reproduce the reasoning; we shall content ourselves with giving Einstein's mathematical "picture" of Space-Time in the field of a large spherical body (the Sun).

Take the kilometre as unit of length, and the time light takes to travel a kilometre as unit of time, a very small unit, only the 300,000th part of a second. The astronomical, or gravitational, mass of the Sun, calculated on Newtonian principles, then turns out to be 1.47. Let k be the result of dividing this number by the distance in kilometres of any point from the Sun's centre; k is variable throughout Space, but remains very small, even on the surface of the Sun itself, where the distance from the centre is 670,000 kilometres. Let $p=1-2k$, and $q=1/p$; then p is a little less than unity, and q a little greater. Now let X and Y be two adjacent events in the field, t the time between them, r the distance between them in the direction of the Sun's centre (the radial distance), and l the distance between them in the direction perpendicular to that (the transverse distance). In Euclidean space, by Euclid I. 47, the square of the actual distance between them would be r^2+l^2 . In a universe of the Minkowski type the square of the "interval" between them would be

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$t^2 - r^2 - l^2$ (for $r^2 + l^2$ is only another expression for $x^2 + y^2 + z^2$ which we have met before). But the expression for the square of the invariant interval between the events X and Y, in Space-Time round the Sun, is given by Einstein as

$$s^2 = pt^2 - qr^2 - l^2,$$

where p and q have the meaning just indicated.

In this invariant interval, the time-portion is always multiplied by p , which is less than unity and gets smaller as we go towards the Sun's centre, which implies that the unit of time is increasing, or that the clock goes slower, as we get nearer to the Sun. Radial distance (squared) is multiplied by q , which is greater than one and gets bigger as we go towards the centre; hence a rod, which is pointed radially, diminishes in length as we get nearer the Sun. The transversal element of distance l has no multiplier; hence rods held perpendicular to the Sun-radii do not change their length. Those metric facts indicate a slight variation from Euclidean Space, which must, however, be endured. Be it noted that those peculiarities are proper to clocks and rods which are stationary in the place considered; if they are in motion they must also suffer the changes described under the "Special" Principle of Relativity.

The free tracks of material particles in this Space-Time will again be the "necessary" or "unique" tracks. Their mathematical counterpart will again be the line passing from one event to another through a series of sub-events, in such a manner that the sum of the invariant "intervals" between adjacent events is a *maximum*. This no longer gives motion in a straight line with constant velocity; Newton's First Law of Motion no longer holds. The paths of the planets turn out to be almost the same as the elliptic orbits with the Sun as focus, discovered by Kepler and Newton. There is, however, in the case of Mercury, a slight difference equivalent to the rotation of his orbit already mentioned. All the other orbits suffer a similar rotation, too small, however, to be verified with

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certainty. All these deductions accord perfectly with observation, without a trace of forced agreement.

But Einstein went further, staking his reputation this time on a prophecy of a hitherto unobserved fact. Everything that moves in this Space-Time must be subject to the Law of Gravitation, and rays of light can be no exception. Applying the principle of the "necessary" track to a ray of light coming to us from a distant star, we find that its path must be a very wide hyperbola with the Sun's centre as focus. If the path of the ray just "grazes" the edge of the Sun, its direction when it reaches us must be deflected inward from the original direction through an angle of 1.74 seconds. Hence we should continue to see certain stars after the time when, according to astronomical calculation, the Sun ought to have hidden them from view. This could be verified only at a total eclipse of the Sun; at any other time the Sun's light would prevent the star from making any impression on a photographic plate. Einstein's prediction was borne out by the observations of the solar eclipse of 1919.

Newton surmised in his *Opticks* that the "particles of light" might be subject to gravitational attraction. If this deviation is calculated on the Newtonian law, its amount is only .87 of a second of angle, or half the Einstein deviation; so that the eclipse test is an *experimentum crucis* between the two laws. There is another difference: according to Newton's law, the velocity of light would increase as it "falls" towards the Sun, while according to Einstein's it would diminish. But no experimental test is here possible, for when the speed of light is calculated in any place, the calculation is made in terms of the measures of the place, and the result by the "Special" Principle of Relativity is always 300,000 kilometres per second.

Einstein's next experimental appeal is to the spectro-scope. As already stated, the period of vibration of a light-atom of given colour is a natural measure of time. According to the new law, that period should increase as

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we go towards the Sun ; and the increase should be revealed by a slight shifting of the spectrum of sunlight towards the red or "slower" end, as compared with the spectrum of similar light whose source is on the earth. Claims and counter-claims have been made about this shift of the spectral lines, by which Einstein says the general theory of Relativity must stand or fall ; but a definite decision has not yet been reached.

Some, possibly, like Socrates, bringing philosophy from the skies to the earth, may ask : Supposing the theory established, why does the apple fall ? The question would reveal that Newton's Laws of Motion have a "metaphysical" hold on the mind of the questioner. He thinks that no body can change from a state of rest or uniform motion, unless it gets a push. But reason is not forced to acceptance of Newton's First Law. Physics has to deal with the ordering of the Space-Time continuum. We have already described such an ordering (Minkowski's), in which the First Law would hold. But that is not the only possible ordering. Einstein described another, characterized by a different expression for the invariant interval between two events, and all we can say is that Space-Time conforms to that ordering in the "field" of large agglomerations of matter.

There remain, however, some grave questions, which must be considered as yet insufficiently answered, regarding the physical theory of Relativity. It has ejected "absolute" motion (of translation) as a needless concept ; but it remains face to face with "absolute" direction and "absolute" rotation. Independently of the motion of the "fixed" stars, it could be found by Foucault's pendulum experiment, and by the gyro-compass, that the earth rotates round the line joining the poles with practically steady velocity of rotation. Of course we could consider ourselves as being at rest in a field of centrifugal force extending to the stars and beyond them ; this would be a return to the Ptolemaic system and would hardly commend itself. The fixed stars can hardly be held accountable for a fact which causes the plane of a

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pendulum's swing to turn round, and has also accounted for the shape of the earth. We can, then, here and at all the points of Space of which we have knowledge, map out a fixed spatial frame, called the "inertial frame," with regard to which rotation is determinate. Einstein, adopting the philosophic standpoint of Mach, holds that a rotation, as well as a velocity, can be only relative to matter. Accordingly, he regards Space as filled with a tenuous distribution of "world-matter," and says that it is relatively to this matter that a rotation is determined. Clearly a point has been reached where sides have to be taken in a battle of philosophers.

Nor has Einstein left untouched the old question of the *flammanitia moenia mundi*, whether the universe is infinite in its dimensions or not. If Space were everywhere Euclidean, and matter subject to Newton's Law of Gravitation, the stellar universe must certainly be finite. For it can be shown that if we come across stellar systems no matter how far we proceed in any direction from our earth as centre, the total force of gravitation at a point must increase indefinitely as we go outwards. Infinite force is a thing to be avoided; hence the conclusion would be that there is a sphere of finite radius, with our present position as centre, within which the whole universe lies.

Einstein, working on non-Euclidean lines, holds it possible for the universe to be finite and yet unbounded. The saying is hard; but consider for a moment the case of some "flatlanders," two-dimensional beings who live confined to the surface of a sphere. If the sphere is of enormous radius, the unscientific flatlander imagines himself on a Euclidean plane.

If concentric circles are drawn round him, he thinks their circumferences go on increasing with the radius. But such will not always be the case; the circles increase in length till a diametric circle of the sphere is reached, and then they begin to diminish towards another centre at the opposite side of the sphere. We say that such a continuum is curved, and we can visualize the curvature. It is also finite and endless at the same time.

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That curvature has a mathematical counterpart in the expression for the invariant interval between two points of the continuum ; and this expression may be modified so as to represent a type of order possible in Space of three dimensions. Things may be like this, though our imagination fails to give us a corresponding picture. If concentric spheres are described around our present position their surfaces continue to increase with the radius till a "diametric" sphere is reached ; then they begin to diminish to another point, our antipodes in Space. The concept is due to Riemann, and though imagination cannot house it, definite mathematical expressions can be found for the invariant intervals between two points and the ordering of such a continuum. It is called "spherical" Space and is finite and endless. Einstein makes Space-Time of it by harnessing it to a time-series stretching indefinitely towards the past and the future. He makes its "curvature" a property of matter ; his distribution of "world-matter" is thus useful to him in rounding off the universe. But there is no experimental evidence ; and as yet the "curvature" and the "world-matter" are stuff of the mind which may be defended or attacked on purely philosophical grounds.

Maynooth.

PATRICK BROWNE.

THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND IN HERALDRY

[To the vexed Irish Question we beg only to contribute the rarer aspect of Heraldry. The old witticism is that whereas James the First quartered the Irish Harp, Queen Elizabeth had gone further and quartered the Harpers. Though Henry the Eighth made Ireland a kingdom, it was not until the advent of the Celtic Stuarts that the Irish Arms were given their sovereign-place on the Royal Arms, from which the Act of Union failed to dislodge them. To Heralds Ireland is a kingdom yet ; a point which it is well to emphasize, in view of the proposal that the Kingdom of Ireland should be recognized by the choice of a King of Ireland from the Royal House of Windsor, whose descent through the Stuarts from Irish royalty is attested by O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees*. According to O'Hart the present Princes of the Blood Royal would be twelfth in descent from Mary Queen of Scots and forty-ninth in descent from Fergus Mor, great-grandson of Niall the Great. If a reconciling element between North and South in Ireland can be discovered in a Protestant Sovereign resident in Dublin, it may be possible for a symbol of national unity to be found in the heraldic harp upon a field of azure or St. Patrick's blue, in which neither green nor orange is present. King William of Nassau would have been as puzzled at the "Orange" scarves of his modern admirers as Shane O'Neill would have been, had an Elizabethan bard called upon him to strike a blow for "the green." Both these partisan colours are of late Eighteenth Century origin. Ireland with the most beautiful emblem among nations has no need to imitate the theatrical tricolors of those uncertain republics of Central Europe, uncertain in that they lack the history and the geography which in Ireland's case attest a kingdom unpartitioned in itself and unalienable from the family of European kingdoms.]

The Kingdom of

THE coats of arms which appear at present on the Royal Shield of the United Kingdom of Great-Britain-and-Ireland—though Royal, these arms may fairly to-day be also regarded as national—have been marshalled on a wrong principle, and completely mislead as to the composition of that kingdom. For as a matter of fact the four quarters which the shield blazons declare the present existence not of the one Kingdom of Great-Britain-and-Ireland which now alone has being, but of three realms which have passed out of existence, the Kingdom of England, the Kingdom of Scotland, and the Kingdom of Ireland.

The original arms of the Kingdom of England were gules, three lions passant guardant, or. When Edward III laid claim to the throne of France, he quartered with his own arms the arms of the French Kings : azure, semé of fleur-de-lys, or (reduced to three fleur-de-lys by Henry IV), giving to France the place of honour in the first quarter as the more ancient kingdom. The blazon of the English Kings then ran :

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 1 France | 2 England |
| 3 England | 4 France |

Observe that King Edward did not impale the two coats. Impalement represents a union by coalescence, as witness the impaled coats of baron and feme ; quartering represents union by a bond which conjoins but leaves a real and separate existence to the entities united by it. Such a bond are two or more crowns worn by the same head. England quartering France acknowledges the separate existence of France, while proclaiming the bond of one and the same King. When the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was formed at the Congress of Vienna by the union of the Duchy of Milan and the Republic of Venice, the arms of these two states were *impaled* on one shield to show that they no longer had a separate existence but had been fused into one State, making a new kingdom.

Henry VIII raised Ireland from the dignity of a

Ireland in Heraldry

Lordship, holding from England, to the dignity of Kingdom : a dependent Lord could hardly lay claim to be head of the Lordship's Church. But he did not introduce the arms of Ireland into his blazon. This would have involved an arrangement of coats somewhat derogatory to the dignity of England. France having been loyally acknowledged to be the nobler kingdom, the new blazon would have read, France, England, Ireland, France, leaving England with one representation only in the shield as against two enjoyed by France. Moreover Ireland was a conquered not an inherited appanage, and there has always been a tendency to ignore a conquered country in the monarch's blazon. Thus conquered Wales has never figured in the Royal Arms ; neither has the Kingdom of Gibraltar, nor the Lordship of Malta, both conquered states.

In 1603, James VI of Scotland inherited the Kingdom of England and Ireland, and the English King's claim to the Crown of France. The augmented blazon of the new King gave rise to much discussion and heartburning. The Scots considered that their King's armorial ensigns—or, a lion rampant within a tressure fleury counter-fleury, gules—should take precedence of England, as the English lions were originally derived from a duchy or duchies, and their red lion had always stood for a kingdom. Such reasoning, however, was hardly logical : it was only too obvious that England was the kingdom of higher rank, and to her was assigned the more honourable place in the shield. But the difficulty presented itself that France would thus secure two quarters, and too much overshadow England and Scotland. It was debated whether Ireland should be introduced, and thus make possible one shield for each of the four kingdoms. But this also presented a difficulty. France was only claimed, not possessed. In the arrangement France, England, Scotland, Ireland, there was nothing to show which King, he of England, he of Scotland, or he of Ireland, claimed France. So a very subtle piece of marshalling was arrived at by which it was clearly proclaimed that it was the King

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of England, and not he of Scotland or Ireland, who laid claim to the Crown of France. The arms became :

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1 France England | 2 Scotland |
| England France | |
| 3 Ireland | 4 France England |
| | England France |

France continuing to be quartered in the same shield with England clearly showed that it was the King of England alone who claimed to be King of France. By this arrangement, too, Scotland secured the second instead of the third quarter.

I do not need for purposes of this argument to describe the fighting arms of the Commonwealth, or to refer to the temporary intrusion of the coat of Nassau *en surtout* upon the Royal Arms. The Royal Arms remained as described until the year 1707, when the Kingdom of England and the Kingdom of Scotland disappeared from among the States of Europe, and were fused by incorporate union into one new kingdom called the Kingdom of Great Britain. A fresh arrangement of the arms became necessary, and new arms had to be found for the new kingdom. These new arms were provided by impaling in one shield the arms of the former Kingdoms of England and Scotland, and mean enough they look thus compressed together, the noble tressure of Scotland half shorn away by the law of dimidiation. France is deprived of her former first place of honour, and occupies the second quarter. It is a far cry from Cressy to Blenheim, and Great Britain now esteems that she takes precedence of France. The Royal Arms then read :

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Great Britain | France |
| Ireland | Great Britain |

There is now nothing to show which of two monarchs claims France. France and Ireland have a whole quarter and speak aloud of the dignity of kingdom and the freedom of nation which England and Scotland have lost.

These arms continued in force until 1714, when the Elector of Hanover became King of Great Britain and

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King of the separate Kingdom of Ireland. The arms remained the same, save that his paternal coat (Brunswick, Lüneberg, Westphalia, tierced in mantle, over all for the Electoral dignity the Crown of Charlemagne) displaces Great Britain in the fourth quarter. That kingdom now looks meaner than ever in the blazon. England and Scotland each only occupy half the amount of space enjoyed by the Electoral coat.

It was next the turn of the Kingdom of Ireland to disappear from among the Sovereignities of Christendom. This happened on January 1st, 1801. The Kingdom of Ireland was united to the Kingdom of Great Britain by fusion or incorporate union, and a new kingdom was added to the monarchies of Europe under the style and title of the United Kingdom of Great-Britain-and-Ireland. Even the use of hyphens does not add to the sense of oneness so markedly lacking in this confused and confusing title. New arms had to be found for the new kingdom, and the heralds went utterly astray in their endeavour. France was removed altogether from the escutcheon, and instead of new arms for the new kingdom, England, Scotland, Ireland, England appear quarterly in the new shield as the separate and independent kingdoms they once were, while Hanover is moved to its proper place *en surtout*. The only correct way of blazoning a new coat for the new kingdom would have been to introduce the principle adopted at the incorporate union of England and Scotland, i.e., impalement. For the three kingdoms have become a memory and are no longer a reality. Tierced in pale England, Scotland, Ireland (or Scotland, England, Ireland, if we follow the principle of the Austrian *hauswappen*): these are the real arms of the new United Kingdom. But what was to become of the King's paternal coat, Hanover? That was just the difficulty. France was gone—quite unnecessarily (especially as the Kingdom of France has gone for good and all): therefore the arms would have run:

United Kingdom
Hanover

Hanover
United Kingdom

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Hanover, still only an Electorate, would have occupied two quarters which would have given it too much importance. To have placed His Majesty's arms *en surtout* on the tierced emblazon, would have been to blot out the centre of the shield (England or Scotland) almost entirely. So the principles of heraldry were thrown to the winds, and, in heraldic language at least, the old Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland came to life again as separate sovereignties.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne a golden opportunity was lost of giving to the United Kingdom the arms it should have had in 1801—that is if heraldic accuracy matters at all. Her Majesty decided to abandon the use of her paternal coat, seeing that the Sovereign of Great-Britain-and-Ireland ceased, in her person, to be Sovereign of Hanover. There was but one shield now that need appear in the Royal Arms, that of the Kingdom. The opportunity could then easily have been taken of remedying the erroneous heraldry of 1801, and restoring to the National Arms that character of incorporate union which is the mark of the present undivided Kingdom of Great-Britain-and-Ireland. That the present arrangement is much more artistic is nothing to the point: heraldry is an exact science and historic truth her chief concern. This article does but call attention to the inaccuracy which daily confronts us, as a matter of historic interest: it by no means suggests that the correct coat ought now to be adopted. The time has gone by for that. But there is no harm in recalling that the Royal Arms as they now stand speak eloquently of stirring days when the Sovereign of this Realm enjoyed not one Crown but three, and when the three nations over which he ruled were each dignified by its own Parliament.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

THE NORTHERN RACE

ENGLISHMEN have never been quite fair to their Teutonic kinsmen beyond the North Sea, or the "German Ocean" as our old school books and maps alternatively named it—the "old German Ocean," as Edward FitzGerald loved to call it in his Suffolk letters. There is an ancient and mournful wash of dividing waves in the sound of that name, but now we adopt exclusively the duller and more prosaic "North Sea," the name by which the Germans themselves have always known it, because it does lie north of them, though east of us.

Until the Prussian kings, statesmen and soldiers united Germany by "blood and iron" in 1866 and 1870, much of that land was divided into small and impotent States. These were the subject of humorous and rather scornful treatment by English writers. They were derided as the homes of absurd little potentates ruling over fat, ill-dressed burghers and long-haired, dreamy professors and musicians. But Napoleon had hammered the slow German soul into self-consciousness and ardent desire for unity and strength. When this was realized, after 1870, Germany suddenly appeared in quite a new character as a great, vigorous and ambitious nation, more and more menacing to England, as a military and manufacturing and commercial and, finally, most serious of all, as a naval rival. Germany was no longer laughed at now as a land of philosophers and musicians—on the contrary, it was attacked as a nation given over to a blend of money-making and militarism, and our writers expressed regret that her sadly materialized inhabitants had strayed from their proper path of intellectual pursuits (which we were quite willing to leave to them), and were, in fact, trespassing upon our own imperial and industrial preserves. A German might have said: "You English despised us formerly because we were not a great active and military and practical nation like yourselves; now you attack us because we try to follow your example, and desire to have a share of 'world-power.'"

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It may have been by reason of the long previous period of humiliation that the new-born German pride and ambition shot so far beyond the mark, and led the nation at last to disastrous fall. The Germans evolved, in their dreaming way, the idea of an exclusive and independent culture, a new civilization promising rich crops from virgin soil. Years before German political unity had been achieved, Frederic Ozanam, a Frenchman who had deeply studied the history of the German race from barbaric times, saw this tendency. He wrote, in a letter dated June 23rd, 1842 :

The thing is to show that Germany owes her genius and her entire civilization to the Christian education which was given to her, that her greatness was in proportion to her union with Christendom, that she had no power, lights, poetry, except through fraternal communion with the other European nations. That for her, as for all, there will be no true destinies except by the Roman unity, the depositary of all the temporal traditions of humanity as also of the eternal designs of Providence. All this seems simple, natural, and a trite truth on this side of the Rhine ; but on the other side the national pride pleases itself in the dream of an autochthonous civilization, from which Christianity, as they think, made them fall away ; of a literature which, but for the Latin contact, would have developed itself with unexampled splendour ; and of a future, in short, which will be magnificent if they remould themselves in unmixed Teutonism. The Germanic style is no longer Charlemagne ; it is Arminius. These doctrines reproduce themselves in different forms, across the different philosophic and historic literary schools from Hegel to Goethe, and from Goethe to Strauss. It seems of some use to attack them at home, on their own ground, to make them see how, alone, they were only barbarians ; how, through the bishops and monks, the Roman faith and language, and law, they entered into possession of the religious, scientific, political inheritance of the modern peoples ; how, in repudiating it, they return little by little to barbarism.

The theories which Ozanam saw even then swiftly growing, culminated before the war in the extreme expression given to them in that famous book by Houston Chamberlain which received the benediction of the

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Kaiser and obtained immense vogue with German readers. This real faith and creed drove the German nation to challenge with confidence the vastly superior force of the world in arms. The war was an act of misplaced faith in an unsound theory. Its result is a warning, repeating that given to France under Napoleon, that no nation is strong enough to stand by itself and dominate the civilized world.

In Gaul and Spain the Romans for four centuries drilled and trained and disciplined the native tribes, so much so that their very languages were largely replaced by the more civilized Latin tongue. The Saxons, already modified by their entrance into a land which had been a Roman province, and still had good roads and ruined villas and Roman-built towns, were finally subdued by the Franco-Normans, were by them effectively hammered into unity and shape, were taught to use Latin-French as a superior stratum of language, and received, painfully, an early form of civilization. But the Germans on the Continent were never permanently subdued and taught manners by an outside conquering race. Their homeland has often been invaded and over-run: the Roman legions marched into it again and again, and for many years together were camped in its heart; but the imperial civilization was never established there. It was to the Empire as Afghanistan to India. These tribes accepted Christianity much later than did the emigrants to Britain and Gaul. On the other hand, in the crash of the Roman Empire, the Germans planted Teutonic monarchies and aristocracies in Italy, Gaul and Spain, and these endured through centuries. One might almost say that the French Revolution was a revolt of the Romanized Gauls against a monarchy and noblesse dominantly descended from Teutonic invaders. The Saxons and Norsemen who came to Britain did their work more effectively still. Here they planted not a military aristocracy on the top of the native population, but a colonial democracy, a nation, much as their descendants did in America and Australia. They cleared the

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land and took possession thus of three-quarters of the island, slaying most of the natives or driving them westward. Later, they received military discipline from Norman France, and some Latin culture from the Church, and from the new Aristocracy and Monarchy. Meanwhile, in the German homeland, kings and nobles and people were of the same rough race, not much affected by the Latin civilization.

Bismarck, a good cynical student of mankind, thought that a race might be too unmixed for success. In his opinion the French were successful until the Revolution because they were led by a Teutonic monarchy and aristocracy. At the Revolution the Gauls destroyed their aristocracy or deprived it of all power and would, he thought, sink into a tame and inglorious democracy. The Germans, he said, had been too much of one race, and, as that race was one of extremely masculine character, it never for ages succeeded in attaining national unity, but spent its time in internecine quarrels. At last appeared a modified race, the Prussian, of dominant German stock, but with a strong Slav infusion. The feminine element, or principle, of order was now fused with the masculine element of individual energy. The result was a Prussian nation capable of unity and rule, and this nation united the rest of Germany, and, led by himself, a typical Prussian, defeated the Gauls. The Teutonic race in England, he said, had, far earlier in its career, received a certain useful infusion of Celtic blood, and this blend, under the Norman discipline, had made England, long before Germany, into a united and successful nation, while the too unmitigatedly masculine tribes on the Continent were still engaged in defending each its own savage independence.

The popular idea of history varies amusingly with circumstances. There was a time when Tudor writers, ashamed of a low Saxon origin, asserted that the English race derived from a Trojan colony. But from 1689 to 1815 the English were backing German states against the French, then our great rivals in Asia, America and on the

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sea. All this left the English very germanically disposed. Walter Scott, in his ballads, Coleridge in philosophy, Carlyle in all his writings, maintained this feeling of kinship. Historians such as Freeman and Green, emphasized, almost, perhaps, to exaggeration, the extent to which the Saxons had cleared the Romanized Celts off all the best land in England.

When the late King Edward VII married his beautiful Danish princess, Alfred Tennyson, in a hymeneal lyric, wrote :

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Dane in our welcome of thee.

The English nation here appears as a blend of several Teutonic strains, welcoming a cousin from across the German Ocean.

"Your race," said Disraeli's wise Hebrew, Sidonia, to the young English aristocrat, Coningsby, "is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea, land of the blue eye, and the golden hair, and the frank brow; 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long; from whom we have much suffered; but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans, were doubtless great men."

But Sidonia, as he proceeds to explain, placed the Saxon below the Arab in respect of purity of race.

Disraeli was an aristocrat among the Jews, of their purest and noblest blood, and held that the Jews were an aristocracy among races, because they had kept unmixed their Arab breed, thanks to the carefully exclusive marriage laws of Moses. The English, by slaying the natives, kept their own race fairly pure when they came to England, and for a long time after that. A conquering race may partly breed from the women of the conquered, but the reverse is not true, and, on the whole, dominant character comes from the father.

J. R. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, published in 1875, gave the following summarized account of the conquest of Britain by the English :

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The English Conquest was a sheer dispossession and slaughter of the people whom the English conquered. In all the wide world-struggle between Rome and the German invaders no land was so stubbornly fought for or so hardly won. The conquest of Britain was, indeed, only partly wrought out after two centuries of bitter warfare. But it was just through the long and merciless nature of the struggle that of all the German conquests this proved the most thorough and complete. At its close Britain had become England, a land, that is, not of Britons but of Englishmen. It is possible that a few of the vanquished people may have lingered as slaves round the homesteads of their English conquerors, and a few of their household words (if these were not brought in at a later time) mingled oddly with the English tongue. But doubtful exceptions like these leave the main facts untouched. When the steady progress of English conquest was stayed for a while by civil wars, of a century and a half after Aylesford, the Briton had disappeared from the greater part of the land which had been his own, and the tongue, the religion, the laws of his English conqueror reigned without a rival from Essex to the Severn, and from the British Channel to the Firth of Forth.

Green's *History* had an immense circulation, and since we were then on fairly friendly terms with Germany, and were much impressed by her late victory over our old rivals, his statement was not assailed at the time as being too sweeping. It was in accordance, also, with the views of distinguished Frenchmen, Taine, for one, in his history of English Literature, and Guizot, who points out that it was exactly because the Britons had not been so much tamed and civilized and softened by the Roman Empire as the Gauls, Spaniards, Italians, that they opposed a far stronger resistance, and that it was precisely because they opposed such resistance to invaders who, because they came by sea, could not arrive in overwhelming flood, but only gradually, that the struggle, in their case, ended in extermination through most of the island.

English sympathy with Germany did not vanish until Bismarck had been displaced by the arrogant and ambitious young Wilhelm. But now Germany, in place of France, appeared as our rival for trade, naval supremacy and world-power. The enthusiasm of our popular

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historians for Teutonic origins rapidly waned, and their creed began to change. In the 'nineties, on the pedestal of Boadicea's statue—the Gaelic chieftainess who sacked Roman London—the lines of Cowper were engraved, without the protest due from historians—

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway.

Under the influence of the recent war the reaction against the older historical school of Freeman and Green and Stubbs, Taine and Guizot, has been carried absurdly far. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is an excellent, if somewhat too dogmatic, writer, and I agree with much that he says in his late interesting book, *Europe and the Faith*, but it really is not possible, upon the evidence, in my opinion, to accept anything like his assertion that the Saxons were only some bands of piratical raiders who established small colonies on the eastern coast, and left the rest of England ravaged but unchanged in race. The Saxons who, but for a few humble words, established their own then barbarous language from the Highland Border to the English Channel and from the North Sea to the Welsh and Cornish frontier, driving out a more civilized Latin-British, and—what is much more—gave a Teuton or Teutonized name to almost every village and hamlet, must have cleared out the natives of three-quarters of Britain almost as effectively as their descendants cleared out those of North America, and by much the same means. What would our earliest and most unromancing historian, the Venerable Bede, have thought of Mr. Belloc? Bede lived some 250 years after the first Saxon invasions, about the time which lies between the earliest English settlements in America and our day. He has no doubt whatever that England is occupied by a race, his own race, one of purely German origin, except in the far west where there is an alien and hostile race of Britons. He says of King Egbert, who was contemplating a missionary expedition to convert the pagans of Germany: "He knew that there were in Germany many nations from whom

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the Angles or Saxons, who now inhabit Britain, derived their race and origin. For there are Frisonians, Ruginians, Danes and Huns (? Hungarians), the old Saxons, Prussians (Boructuarii) . . .” Bede claims to be the first Saxon historical writer, and says : “ It is certain that no one sprung from our stock and bred from the cradles of the German race entered upon a business of this kind (viz., history-writing) before our mediocrity.”

“ The Britons,” he says elsewhere, “ deadly enemies of the Saxon race, disturbed the nation of the Angles by wars and devastations.” If one substitutes politics, etc., for war-raids, it is clear that Bede felt about these Britons much what the modern English feel at the bottom of their hearts about the Welsh and Irish. He writes of the British states or clans as existing in the west, but as being weaker, and virtually dominated by the English. The Saxons spoke of these islands as inhabited by two racially and geographically distinct races, the Saxons and the Britons. In the long—very long—run the result, no doubt, was a considerable mixture of blood, but the dominant stock in this country has always been Saxon. It is really too late for John Bull to pose now as a Romanized Celt: his speech and slow, stolid character bewrays him. Is there any greater unlikeness in Europe than that between an agricultural labourer in Norfolk and an Irish peasant in Kerry ? The first is far more like a Dutchman, the second like a Frenchman. It is true that the conquest of Britain by the Saxons was long and gradual. In the course of it they became converted Christians, and far more civilized and less exterminating than in their first hundred years or two, so that in the north and west, even outside the Welsh border, a much larger proportion of Celtic population probably survived, in a more or less servile condition, than in the east and south of the island. Hence, perhaps, a certain division which, in times of conflict, appears and reappears in history, like invisible ink under the influence of heat. In the Wars of the Roses the north and west were Lancastrian, the south and east Yorkist. At the Reformation the north and

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west were more Catholic, the south and east more Protestant. Charles I found most of his support in the north and west, and most antagonism in the south and east. Modern election maps show more conservatism in the south and east, more radicalism in the north and west.

The English nation was thus formed of a dominantly Teutonic stock, with some admixture of the previous Celtic population, upon which was imposed at the Conquest a Franco-Norman aristocracy and culture. Probably the language is a fair mirror of what happened. It contains a very small minority of words derived from the Celtic, a large minority of words derived from Latin, partly directly and partly through the French mode of Latin, and a majority of words of Saxon origin. These last are the words which have the most intimate relations with English mentality. If an English writer wishes to sound real and vivid let him, as much as possible, use these words, and not those from the Latin. An English dictionary consists largely in the explanation of our Latin words by their re-expression in the more familiar and intelligible Saxon terms. In our rich language a foreign Latin aristocracy of words is imposed upon a native Teutonic democracy. In German there is an aristocracy of words, but it is of home origin, and is made by the addition of native simple words to express more complex and abstract ideas. So also in England the aristocracy of men was for long of almost entirely transmarine origin, while in Germany the aristocratic and princely houses were of home growth.

As we owe to our Saxon fathers a stubborn feeling of personal freedom and "mind-your-own-business," so we owe to the Normans the gifts of a conquering and ruling race. The Norman Conquest made the fortune of the island. It "ennobled her breed and high-mettled the blood in her veins," as Thomas Campbell said in his splendid lines "on the Camp Hill, near Hastings." Thenceforward, consciously and unconsciously, through ill fortune and good, the English race followed its destiny of world-empire. But for the Norman genius the British

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flag might never have flown over India ; but for Saxon individual energy and dull tenacity the still less destructible work of planting colonies in America and Australia might never have been accomplished.

Disraeli—too forcefully, perhaps, but there is something in it—wrote, in 1852 :

The truth is, progress and reaction are but words to mystify the millions. They mean nothing ; they are phrases and not facts. All is race. In the structure, the decay, and the development of the various families of man, the vicissitudes of history find their main solution. The Norman element in our population wanes ; the influence of the Saxon population is felt everywhere, and everywhere their characteristics appear. Hence the honour to industry, the love of toil, the love of money, the hatred of the Pope, the aversion to capital punishments, the desire to compensate for injuries by a pecuniary mulct, the aversion to central justice, finally the disbelief of our ever being invaded by the French. The state of public opinion in this country at present more resembles that of England under Edward the Confessor than under Queen Anne.

In men and women, as they grow old, the likeness to one parentage often wanes in some degree and the likeness to the other, usually the paternal, increases. A man may be more like his mother at 20 and his father at 60. And, as time goes on, one strain in a nation may increase and another decline. It is often said that the pure Anglo-Saxon strain in the very mixed population of North America tends to decline, and the pure Spanish in South America. It is possible that the Celtic strain in the composition of our own population has expanded during history, and that democracy has brought it on top. This may be the root-cause of the expansion of communistic or socialistic feelings at the expense of that individualism which, according to Tacitus, was so marked a German characteristic.

It is not, I think, true that, as Disraeli said, the Saxons felt a "hatred of the Pope." They were very good pilgrims to Rome, and the Roman party among them defeated the eccentricities of the Celtic missionaries. But

The Northern Race

it is true that this Teutonic individualism was the cause of the losses sustained by the Church in the Sixteenth Century. The Reformation was a rising of the still half-barbarous Teutonic spirit of individualism against the spiritual Roman Empire. Luther was a new Arminius, a vigorous barbarian, fond of wine and song, and lusty. The Celtic part of these islands, Ireland, and, for long, Wales, north-west England, and the Scottish Highlands, remained faithful; the more purely Teutonic population in south and east England followed—though with more moderation because they had more Latin culture—the line of their kinsfolk in German and Scandinavian lands. Guizot says that we “owe to the Germans the energetic sentiment of individual liberty, of human individuality,” but that this sentiment, when it operates, as among the ancient Germans, “in a state of extreme grossness and ignorance, is egoism in all its brutality, in all its unsociability.” The problem of civilization always is how to keep the value of liberty and individuality while sufficiently refining it and subduing it to the good of the social state. The danger of Socialism is lest it should sacrifice individuality so much to the supposed good of the whole that the individual energy which sustains the whole will disappear. The danger in the Catholic Church is analogous, especially since, in the Sixteenth Century, it lost the more barbarous, vigorous and independent races and retained the more docile and civilized. Never was the state of the Church so healthy and glorious as when it was conquering and civilizing the northern races—for sound health and great results the material worked upon should be difficult and refractory. Can the Catholic Church make it clear to men of these races that it can give the benefit of spiritual order and living and real authority without depriving them of true liberty, give them, indeed, the divine order without which true liberty cannot exist? If so, it will, one by one reclaim them, and by so doing reinvigorate itself with the new blood. Guizot says that it is in the nature of man not to wish to remain in barbarism.

The Northern Race

However gross, however ignorant he may be, however much given over to his own interest, his own passions, there is in him a voice, an instinct which tells him that he is made for something else, that he has another power, another destiny. In the midst of his own disorder, the taste for order and progress pursues and torments him. Needs of justice, foresight, development, agitate him beneath the yoke of the most brutal egoism. He feels himself pushed to reform the material world, and society, and himself ; he works at it, even without accounting to himself for the need that drives him. The barbarians aspired to civilization, "*Tout en en étant incapables : que dis-je ? tout en la détestant dès que sa loi se faisait sentir.*"

Attempts have been made of late to analyse the religious state of the masses of men of English race brought under review in the late war, and on the whole it appears, by the confession of their own pastors, to be one of spiritual chaos, and pure individualism. The same thing is as true, or more true, in other northern countries, still more deeply, perhaps, divided from the divine order of the Catholic and Roman Church. But are not all these modern spiritual barbarians secretly, and often weirdly, tormented by the desire of that religious civilization which, as we believe, Rome alone can give them, as it did of old ? Are they not unconsciously aspirant to this ordered governance, "*tout en la détestant dès que sa loi se fait sentir*" ? The thing is to make them see how baseless are their aversion-inspiring fears, and that, by accepting the large and central rule, they will escape from the petty feudal tyrannies of opinions and theories, their own or those of others, and will enjoy that true freedom within the bounds of law, which alone makes energy really fruitful. Fear of Love is the beginning of wisdom, and repulsion is often an early and disguised phase of attraction. If, however, we wish to win the northern race we must emphasize the boldly masculine more than the softly feminine side of the Church, which contains, as it should contain, both sides.

Recently a man of science, surveying Central Africa, said that it was sickly and unhealthy because it had never,

The Northern Race

like the northern hemisphere, undergone the cleansing and renovating influence of glacial periods, but had for countless centuries accumulated the débris of rotting animal and vegetable matter. Protestantism has been a real glacial period in religion, and, in the end, the races which it has overspread may prove more vigorously fertile religious soil than those which it has not seriously affected.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

INVOCATIONS

FATHER, Son, Holy Ghost, Holy Trinity, Mary,
Jesus.

Heart of Jesus, Blood of Jesus.

Rod of Moses, Rod of Aaron, Rod which God hath
redeemed.

Fullness of the Godhead manifested bodily.

God manifest in the reality of our flesh.

God manifest out of Sion, the perfection of beauty.

God self-evident.

Substance of things hoped for, evidence of things unseen.

Tree of Life planted in the midst of the paradise of the
Lord.

Our hope, our sweetness, our life.

Remission of sins.

Satisfaction of all our desires.

Joy and food of Angels.

Purity of virgins.

Pharaoh become Christ.

Christ out of Egypt.

The All which they find who forsake all.

Wonderful, God with us, Prince of Peace.

Key of Jacob.

Sceptre of Israel.

Paran and Seir (They knew not that God was there).

The Unknown God.

Praise of Infants and Sucklings.

Rock of Scandal to the foolish.

Stone which the builders refused.

Keystone of the corner.

Man compassed by a woman.

My Lord and my God.

The sum of the seven sacraments.

He Who has fruition in Himself.

God made Man of a Woman.

Infinite Honour and Humility.

Crowning Glory of the Valley of Vision.

The Last reconciled to the First.

Invocations

Alpha and Omega.

Body round which the Eagles gather together.

Flesh and Blood of which he who eats shall live for ever.

Holy of Holies.

Beatitude of the poor in heart.

Object of the single eye which makes the body full of light.

Serpent by which we are healed.

The Resurrection and the Life.

The Second Coming.

The fulfilment of all things.

The Beatific Vision.

Nectar and Ambrosia.

Leviathan.

Strong Man of God.

The Lion and the Lamb.

The Incommunicable Name.

The Infinite circumscribed by the Finite.

Feast to which the agonies of crucifixion are the necessary
condiments and mitigations.

The Word made Flesh.

Central Sun and Magnet that holds together and gives
life to the Universe.

Very God of very God.

Very Man of very Man.

Very Woman of Very Woman.

Corner stone in which of two are made one.

The Grace of God.

Infinite wealth, felicity and honour.

Mystery which the Angels desire to look into.

Absolute Beauty, absolute Sweetness, absolute Power,
absolute Life.

United Voice of the Three Witnesses.

The Crown of the Chosen.

The exceeding great reward.

The Light which lighteth every man.

He Who has exalted my horn like the horn of a unicorn.

Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech.

Wisdom of the Ancients.

Name which none can speak but by the Holy Ghost.

Invocations

The great Mystery of Righteousness.
The Good Word which mine heart hath uttered.
Manna which has the taste of all in it.
God's hill in which it pleased Him to dwell.
The most Holy. The external which contains all the
interior in their order, form and connection.
The Oracle of God.
The Golden Key.
Fulfilment of all prophecy.
Flesh of Christ that art the Head of Man.
Face of God which none can see and live.
Secret of the King.
The Hidden Life.
Glory for which we wait in the midst of the Temple.
Power of God made perfect in weakness.
Rock of Ages.
God manifest to the Gentiles.
Thou Whom to contemplate is the perfection of wisdom,
the best of good works, and the eternal good and
growth of Love.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[These strangely characteristic Invocations by the great mystic poet were found among his papers by Mr. Everard Meynell and are printed with the permission of Mrs. Coventry Patmore.]

SOME RECENT BOOKS

MR. BARING GOULD succeeded as a rustic Anthologist, whether among Cornish saints, west-country singers, or Yorkshire Oddities; but as a Church historian he is unworthy both of his name and of *The Evangelical Revival* (Methuen) which he paints as an unholy mother of Romanism and Dissent. The Introduction is chiefly about Liguori, who is excluded from Heaven on the ground of making lies! The book is an omnium-gatherum of prejudices and anecdotes, with an inclination to the ugly and the disgusting. Sometimes there is a fair touch of irony, as of the Latitudinarian endeavour to keep Christ asleep on the Lake of Galilee, "Let Him sleep on. Cover Him with a tarpaulin lest the cries of the perishing reach His ears." As for the Bishops, "the crew of the official lifeboat were either drunk or asleep. Were unauthorized volunteers justified in flying to the rescue?" Catholics believe Wesley and Whitefield were. The book is a study not of a religious phase but of the degeneration of an industrious scholar, which stirs our sense of lament and forgiveness, so obviously does Mr. Baring Gould know not what he is writing. The Evangelicals can defend their heroes from his insults. Catholics will not be disturbed by the "clusters of assassin's daggers" which hung around a marble Virgin in Sant' Agostino or be upset to learn that the Scala Santa "is of white, probably of Italian, marble, and never was in Jerusalem." Would Mr. Gould stake his soul or his benefice that it never was? For of all the relics of the Passion the stairs of Pontius Pilate's house were the most probable to be found intact. Mr. Gould's historical sense appears to be confounded with his sense of smell, as is often the case with Englishmen travelling in malodorous cities. After a peculiarly curdling tale we are told, "The author has been there and faugh! it stank of the Papacy." Mr. Gould plumes himself on his Catholicism, but he has done his best to dirty his nest. Later he comments on Mary Alacoque:

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"(Egg in its shell) what a name! a parboiled girl." We learn that "St. Bridget of Sweden sewed her husband up in a sack and made him hop after her." It seems incredible that a clergyman and an Hon. Fellow of a Cambridge College could write thus. So many pages show lapses in taste or accuracy that we can only commend to the charitable prayers of his readers an aged and, alas! humourless gossip.

THE Life of *Sister Mary of St. Philip* (Longmans) affords the plain tale of the amazing activity which a modern nun can place at the service of both Church and State. Like her sisters, Mary Lescher became a nun. To one of them Father Faber wrote: "You must be a saint before you have done. The dry crusts of Obedience are capital stuff for the spirit however they disagree with the natural man. To-morrow I will tell my Madonna to look after you and put you a little further into the Sacred Heart. Oh dear, how I wish I was a nun! You have the best of both worlds while we are just enough in the discomfort of this world to run terrific odds of losing the next." The Board of Education were glad to copy her pupil teachers' system at Mount Pleasant Training College. It seems curious to find Sir George Kekewich writing from Whitehall to a nun: "The Lord President of the Council has requested me to ask you whether you will give us the advantage of your great experience." Sir Francis Sandford thought she "might fearlessly place her hand on the helm of the State." There is a vivid account of her personal teaching, and the famous pump which Kingsley drew in a mathematical examination at Cambridge is matched by another which puzzled an inspector for certificates until the artist explained that she had been thereto inspired by a Gothic pump Sister Mary had drawn on the blackboard. Her love of botany was crowned by the flora which still clung about Liverpool, "Venus' fly-trap and bog pimpernel; and the valleys among the Birkdale sandhills as yet undesecrated by railway lines sheltered grass of Parnassus

Cardinal Mercier's Own Story

and orchid and gentian and the waxen pyrola." As Trinity College, Washington, is the leading college of its kind in America, so Sister Mary made Mount Pleasant the English paragon. The foremost teaching sister of her day, she kept her own receipt of being womanly and not womanish, and something even a little nearer the angels, when she asked on her deathbed for holy instead of rose water.

THE well-known statesmen of the Allies were so disappointing that popular veneration has been relieved at the graves of unknown warriors. In the front rank Cardinal Mercier is alone likely to survive, and his romance is not dimmed in the telling of his *Own Story*, (Hodder and Stoughton), a volume which time will not corrode and to which our space is unequal. It is fortunate for the British Government that Mercier is not an Irish Archbishop. His letter-writing gave the German Governor no rest. With scholastic courtesy he saluted the benevolence of a régime the misdeeds of which he exposed. His ironic "gratefulness for the care which you manifest for the religious interests of the country" was tempered by frank accusation of "a monstrous lie" on the part of the German Chancellor. Interviews, like correspondences, ended "with a smile but in a firm, decided tone." The Cardinal never missed making a reply or a protest, whether he was dealing with the trivial arrests of priests for writing or possessing patriotic poems or whether he was discussing such grave aspects of international law as Deportation or the Rights of Occupation. When philosophical controversy was added to German distractions Bissing withdrew, leaving Lancken to defend Kant and confute Thomas of Aquin. Lancken ended in admitting Kant's philosophy was "theoretically dangerous," and being no "expert in Thomistic philosophy," had to beg the Cardinal to "let the philosophy of St. Thomas alone and believe that Germany acted in legitimate self-defence." After nearly three years of worrying, during which the Cardinal never

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retreated an inch without taking an ell, the unfortunate Bissing died and the Cardinal, having demolished his arguments in this world, began to make a case for him in the next. To Lancken he wrote: "Baron von Bissing was a believer. I remember he said one day in unmistakable accents, 'I am not a Catholic but I believe in Christ.' I shall pray to Our Lord in all sincerity for the repose of his soul."

S. L.

WE have found no canonical offence in Mrs. Asquith's *Autobiography* (Butterworth), though doubtless it is full of what St. Teresa would call the minuter vermin of self-consciousness. The only perfect autobiographies are the God-conscious revelations of Saints, for there are so many things which only Saints may say. Mrs. Asquith essays to repeat some of these things. For instance, that God is "a wonderful handicapper," and Raymond Asquith's answer to the riddle "what God has never seen, kings seldom but common people often." His answer was "a joke," but theology does not refuse the Deity a sense of humour and for better reasons than Kingsley saw in the crab! It is less easy to understand Huxley's statement that "the fastidious incognito, *I am that I am*, was His idea of humour." What strikes us as humorous is Mrs. Asquith's introductory *Damn* to Jowett, who was not shocked, possibly because he did not believe in Damnation.

Mrs. Asquith claims as her "only literary asset, natural directness," but she is a judge of literary phrase and her character sketches will live. How true it is of many wilful men that they are deficient in will power! We recognize her father's type in the man of intellect who is not an intellectual man. For the pleasure of another verbal distinction we add that though he was "as violent when he was dying as when living" he did not die a violent death! The description of her mother reads like that of a Mother Superior. "To spare others was her ideal."

Jowett's letters are really interesting. His apprecia-

Iomarbhagh na bhFileadh

tion of Newman is curiously oblique: "The most artificial man of our generation, full of ecclesiastical loves and hatred. Yet he was a man of genius and a good man in the sense of being disinterested." But it is meaningless to call Newman untruthful in speculation, when all speculation is guesswork. There is meaning in Jowett's, "Truth is very often troublesome, but neither the world nor the individual can get on without it." However, the world Jowett thought so highly of got along very well without truth, either social or theological, though Newman spent his vexed existence struggling faithfully among such shadows and images as are vouchsafed to mortal men.

Mrs. Asquith has done plenty of good and no harm that we can find during her life. Her social work in Whitechapel was admirable, her sense of religion acute, of reverence deficient, of fun uncontrollable, of humour lacking, of kindness overwhelming, of friendship irresponsible, of tact irresponsive, of courage complete, of morals Puritanic, of propriety inadequate, of poetry feeble, of prose quick. Among the "Souls" she was really what is called a good soul.

S. L.

THE "Contention of the Bards" is a phrase which the scholarship of Fr. L. McKenna, S.J., has substantiated by two volumes of Irish text and translation (Irish Texts Society). The *Iomarbhagh na bhFileadh* has waited three centuries for print although it is true few other poems were better known in MS. than the 7,000 verses in which the Northern and Southern poets once contended with bitter but classical frenzy. It is not certain whether they fought out of pure antiquarian spite or for bardic practice, or perhaps in a concerted move to rouse the Chiefs to a sense of their Celtic heritage. History, however, has not shown that genealogical rivalry was the best way to unite the country against the enemy. The prime mover, Teig McBrody, came near to the description of "last of the bards," writing in the strict old metre

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with its rhymes and alliterations cramped into seven syllables of space. The dispute began about 1604, and before it concluded, nearly three hundred years ago, the Northern Earls had taken flight and Celtic Ireland was historically at an end. Teig McBrody was to perish in Cromwellian reprisals. During the lull between the Elizabethan and Cromwellian wars these poems rose like antiphons of the perishing race.

While Fr. McKenna's critical scholarship is little less than magnificent, the translation is often not accurate, and is generally lifeless, compared to those renderings which made Standish O'Grady's Catalogue of Irish MSS. in the British Museum one of the seven joys of literature. For instance, in Vol. I, p. 17, in "Each tribe should have a part of its own stock," the Irish shows that "part" misprints "poet." It is interesting to hear of the Judgment as the "Great Dal." And one can glean good proverbs like the priceless "Every one is a writer till he writes!"

Classical and technical and antiquarian as these poems are to a degree, it is possible to quote meaningfully from poems of Teig McBrody still, in stanzas taken at random to fit our times—

"That every man should learn his own rights or know his ancestor's good deeds is no reason why the two races owning Ireland should attack each other!"

"To settle history by the sword is not good sense for a man with a tongue! It looks probable from this that you no longer trust in your arguments!"

The Ulster Question, as it was before the Plantation, appears in John O'Clery's stanza: "It is not right to call Conn's race 'Ulstermen.' They did not first occupy the land, though they are long there." The Sovereignty of Ireland was accepted by the Bards in a Scotch "King of England" of Irish descent, as Hugh O'Donnell chanted, "Of Hugony's ever-glorious stock are the princes of the nobility of Alba. To James belong to-day Sacsá, Alba, Eire." A stanza from the same poet gives some of the poetic names for Ireland which are hardly recognizable to-day.

Kidd's History of the Church

"Eire is called House of Toole, Conn's steading, Land of fair Felimy, Land of Hugony, Art's Field, Coffey's Territory, Cormac's Plain." And amid much else that is interesting and traditional the wearisome refrain arises: "If we hear a single one of your falsehoods about the North, you Southernns shall hear a hundred times as much!" The Contentions might be described as the Reprisals of the Bards!

S. L.

THE superior person despises such collections as Dr. Kidd's *Documents Illustrative of the History of the Church* (S.P.C.K.); their disadvantages indeed are obvious, yet of their real usefulness, within due limits, there can be no doubt. But two conditions are imperative: the extracts must be comprehensively illustrative, and the translations must be faithful; by these conditions must such a collection be judged. In both respects against a large measure of success, we cannot acquit Dr. Kidd of some conspicuous failures. No one can deny that the pre-eminence of the Roman Church is one of the outstanding facts of Church History. One of the earliest and most illuminative illustrations of this fact is to be found in the salutation of St. Ignatius' letter to the Romans, upon which Prof. Phillimore has recently shed so clear a light. But Dr. Kidd leaves it out. And if careful comparison be made with a similar volume, Fr. Kirch's *Enchiridion Fontium Historiae Ecclesiasticae*, other omissions will be noted. In the matter of translations Dr. Kidd has relied almost wholly upon others, and as a rule has chosen good renderings. But not always, and the exceptions are important. Thus he has given only the usual Protestant version of St. Irenæus' famous passage about the Roman Church, with not a hint that any other is possible; worse still, when he comes to St. Cyprian's witness to St. Peter's primacy (*De Unit. Eccl. iv*) Dr. Kidd neglects altogether the result, acknowledged by scholars everywhere to be conclusive, of Dom Chapman's critical study of the text, and simply transcribes the inadequate and misleading translation from Parker's

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Library of the Fathers. From a man of Dr. Kidd's position this is unpardonable.

As having some slight analogy with this collection we may mention here a new translation by J. H. Freese, of the Myriobiblon or *Library of Photius* (S.P.C.K.), one of the most extraordinary books in literature by one of the most remarkable men of the Middle Age. An omnivorous reader, Photius undertakes in this work to give "his beloved brother Tarasius" a summary of the 279 books read by him during many years of his eventful life. The result is a wonderful medley of summaries, criticisms, extracts, interesting alike to the classicist, the historian, the antiquarian, and even the ordinary reader. Mr. Freese, both as translator and annotator, has done his part exceedingly well. There is no other translation of the whole of the Myriobiblon in any modern language and we look forward with pleasure to the five volumes which are to complete this work.

B. M.

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN has brought out a second edition of his *Book of Kells* (Studio Ltd), with twenty-four plates in colour reproducing even the discoloration of the original MS. Sir Edward dates the MS. from the latter end of the Ninth Century by ingeniously recognizing what had been regarded as stray decorative features as early instances of the rectangular punctuation which was being introduced at that time. The text shows interesting reminiscence of the Vulgate as used in the Celtic Church before the recension of Jerome. Plate X shows the old-fashioned variants which continued to assert themselves from the memory of scribes. Where for instance, the Vulgate has "*Orate vero ut hieme non fiant,*" the *Book of Kells* has "*Orate autem ut non fiat fuga vestra hime vel sabbato.*" There are other echoes of the old Irish Bible which is lost irrevocably, though a distinguished Biblical scholar, who shall be nameless, is said to have rediscovered in a Spanish Palimpsest in America the real old text before Jerome and the priests

A Century of Persecution

had tinkered it. Perhaps in the above instance we have caught the Catholics leaving out a reference to the Protestant Sunday ?

DR. HYLAND'S object in writing *A Century of Persecution* (Kegan Paul) was, as he tells us, "to express once again the often repeated answer to the question : How comes it that a religion which had been established in this country for over six hundred years . . . should in the space of a few years be almost entirely swept away ?" In attempting so to do he has had recourse to the collection of manuscripts preserved at Loseley in Surrey, "numbering over 2,000 papers and parchments." For two years or more they were in the Public Record Office, and, while they were there, he "was able to make an exhaustive study of them and to take copies of a good number" ; but it was no part of his plan to give a full account of them, he merely had to select those which appeared to be useful for his object. Some of the Loseley MSS. were rather inefficiently edited by Alfred John Kemp, F.S.A., in 1835, and the Surrey Musters from the same collection have recently (1914-1919) been published by the Surrey Record Society ; but there are still many papers among them which ought to be printed by some competent historical student before they become illegible or drop into dust.

Dr. Hyland's book is full of misprints, and contains a quantity of matter quite irrelevant to his object. The Prologue, or "A Picture of Life in Pre-Reformation Days," is a fancy sketch depending for most of its detail on *Henry VIII and the English Monasteries*, the author of which, as Dr. Hyland might be supposed to know, received the Cardinal's Hat in 1914. The Prologue is followed by Part I, dealing with Loseley and its earlier owners, of which the third chapter is concerned with the Overbury Plot, "which, although not concerned in any way with the so-called Reformation," serves, in Dr. Hyland's opinion, "to illustrate the wickedness of Court life, and thus to throw into bolder relief the heroism of

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the Catholic martyrs." Coming to Part II, we find a document which, with some probability, Dr. Hyland regards as a Pastoral by Cardinal Pole. This, which is strangely divided into three chapters, is followed by Pole's letter to Cranmer, and, after that, more than eight pages are taken up with the evidence concerning an anabaptist community, signed by one Robert Sterete of Dunsfold. All this has very little to do with a century of persecution. On pp. 366-368 we have a poem of no particular merit by Sir James More Molyneux, "which brings us to the middle of the Eighteenth Century."

We must, however, be grateful to Dr. Hyland for having transcribed 142 Loseley manuscripts and 30 other documents, many of which have not been printed before: though, unfortunately, there is only too good reason to doubt his accuracy. The signatures of well-known men are almost always misread, and the wild hash made of the old legal writs on pp. 385-6 is a thing which must be seen to be believed. If the main portion of the transcriptions is on this level, they can be of little value.

Let us take, however, one specific example, viz., the copy of a letter written by an English priest from the Tower of London (P.R.O., S.P. Dom. Eliz. cxlix. 61), which is translated on pp. 265-7, and transcribed on pp. 420-422. An examination of the transcription shows three errors in the first three lines, and plenty of others later on. No attempt has been made to identify the persons mentioned therein, though the Tower Bills for the period have been published by the Catholic Record Society, and though the "Diarium Turris," which forms an appendix to the 1586 edition of Dr. Nicolas Sanders' *De Origine ac Progressu Schismatis Anglicani*, can be consulted at the British Museum. Identification, except in one instance, is a matter of absolute certainty. The letter is attributed to Edward Rishton, who was never in the Tower, so far as we know, but on his arrest was committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster, where he still was on June 23rd, 1581, as is recorded by Dr. Hyland himself on pp. 179, 434. Again the date is put at "about the end of

Vitalism and Scholasticism

1580, or the beginning of 1581." Now the letter records the second racking of Blessed Alexander Briant, which, as we know from the "Diarium Turris," took place May 7th, 1581. Probably it was written shortly after that day, and its author was either John Hart, S.J., the "Alartus" of the letter, or, as would seem more probable, one Francis Bruning, who was in the Tower from September 7th, 1579, to some date between Lady Day and Midsummer Day, 1581.

Non hay libro tan malo que no tenga algo bueno. No one can fail to recognize the industry, sincerity, and enthusiasm which the author, when suffering from "a very serious affection of the eyes," has brought to his self-appointed task.

Some day, perhaps, someone will make a selection of such of the Loseley MSS. as concern Popish Recusants between 1559 and 1660, and will edit them carefully with biographical and historical notes, but probably no one, *ἢ μὴ θέσιν διαφυλάττων*, would contend that Dr. Hyland is the ideal man for the task.

J. B. W.

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE'S *Vitalism and Scholasticism* (Sands), in defence of the old theory of Life, shows how contradictory and even reactionary modern science can become. The teaching of radium "is really very close to the theory of the alchemists," if substances only differ according to the arrangement of their atoms. Perhaps there was, and is, an original element, for the nebulae out of which worlds are being evolved only show three elements in their spectrum. Against Christian Vitalism lies the chemical theory of life. But chemists "are far more chary of agreeing than biologists" as to a chemical solution. In vain the living cell is compared to a crystal. Crystals recrystallize, but the cell "once destroyed cannot be reformed." Spontaneous generation is a theory which J. B. Burke could not prove with beef-tea any more than Faust could "brew a homunculus in his retort." Bastian, an opponent of Pasteur, claimed to

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have produced living from non-living matter, a greater miracle than the resurrection of the dead! The "carbonaceous jelly" of Gregory is not a more plausible origin for life than Spencer's mystic "successive complications." The Creator may have said, Let there be beef-tea or jelly! or Let there be successive complications! However, "colloids" have been discovered to account for the phenomena of Vitalism, and Sir Bertram asks "Of what nature are those chemical compounds which never react twice in the same way?"

Mechanical chemistry does not explain purposive actions among animals. Sir Bertram instances the sphex, which performs "a most delicate surgical operation" on caterpillars for the future benefit of its own larvæ, and lemmings, which commit race-suicide by throwing themselves into the sea. We can add the æsthetic sense in bower birds, the sense of humour in lyre birds, which imitate the love-calls of other birds and enjoy their discomfiture, and the philanthropy of the crowned hornbills, who immure their breeding hens in trees but unite to feed any that become widows through the accidents of the forest. As animals are unanchored plants, so plants are earth-bound animals, like the "myrmecophilous" tree, which purposely wards itself against the leaf-cutting ant by providing barracks and rations of food for the black ant, the natural enemy of the other. The food is no part of its structure, merely an indirect but well thought out plan of safety. A closely related cecropia covers its bark with wax impassable to the hostile ant, and having no need for the defender ant provides neither food nor roof for him. So Stevenson was right in calling plants "rooted beasts." He accused the sensitive plant even of "shrinking and biting like a weasel," which forestalled Sir J. D. Bose's researches on their "irritability."

S. L.

ANY new work on *Heresy and the Inquisition* such as Mr. A. S. Turberville's (Crosby Lockwood) recalls the labours of Lea, whom Acton admired as much in the

Heresy and the Inquisition

historical as he admired another Lee in the active field. He wrote of Lea's *Inquisition* (the colossal study of a Colossus) as "the most important contribution of the new world to the religious history of the old." All subsequent writings become a matter of selection or arrangement. Mr. Turberville has found horrors in the Inquisition, but where did he find gargoyles "inside the churches" (p. 3)? Does he always bear with Acton's distinction that "The mediaeval Inquisition strove to control states and was an engine of government. The modern strove to coerce Protestants and was an engine of war"? D.O.R.A. is a fair parallel to the mediaeval Inquisition, and Bolshevists in Europe and America think they have felt an Anglo-Saxon form of the latter. Fair Englishmen realize that there is something to be said for an Inquisition, which Mr. Turberville says, "did not aim at making great holocausts, only a few examples. It sought not vengeance, which was a synonym for failure, but reconciliation which meant success." The Inquisition was at work when religious licence was as dreaded as political licence to-day. Between reasonable freedom and exaggeration of thought she made little distinction. The Inquisition often proceeded against men of noble mind and blameless life, but also against sects devoted to wildest Communism or to unholy lusts. The Inquisition was holy when she burnt out sodomy, remembering perhaps the divinely-gutted Cities of the Plain. In obeying the Scripture, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," Inquisitor and Calvinist agreed. Spiritualist and Bolshevik would not have fared well at the hands of the Inquisition, though astrology was long practised in the Church. Mr. Turberville mentions Cardinal D'Ailly, who took the horoscope of Our Lord, possibly justifiable from the Scripture, "The heavens declare the Glory of God." The Inquisition at least condemned Bluebeard, who historically only had one wife. The first woman burnt in Paris wrote books only fit for the fire. The types which vexed the Inquisition have all appeared in the modern world, some harmless enough, vegetarians, pacifists; but

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others who are condemned to-day. Fire was a rare punishment and used for its symbolic purification. As Jericho was destroyed in Scripture, so the houses of offenders were burnt. Their bodies were exhumed and destroyed after death, much as Cromwell was exhumed and as convicts are buried in quicklime by the modern State. To the mediaeval mind heresy was treason and the Inquisition did not always distinguish between the traitor and the conscientious objector. The State supported the Inquisition for its own ends. The Spanish Inquisition was "much more monarchical than papal." Heretics were described in mediaeval Latin exactly as the press describes Bolsheviks or pro-Germans to-day . . . "*sicut cancer, velut vulpes latentes*." Acton wrote "that the Albigenses gave the Catholics no choice; they were the aggressors and being weaker were exterminated; the State—every State—was as much menaced by them as the Church." Deplorable as the Inquisition reads even under the scrutiny of Catholic apologists like Douais and Vacandard, it shows that under new forms human nature remains the same. Mr. Turberville cannot resist Arnold of Cîteaux's "Kill them all for God knows His own," in which Acton reminded Lea that he had forgotten the first two words "*fertur dixisse*"! History is fossilized propaganda and counter-propaganda tempered by good stories. Apart from controversy, Thomas Aquinas explained the mediaeval attitude when he said it was worse to coin false utterance than to utter false coin.

S. L.

A FEW centuries ago Mr. Yeats might have been mistaken for a familiar of the Inquisition as he stole through Irish cottages with Lady Gregory, collecting traces of *Visions and Beliefs* (Putnams) enough to fill two volumes, but to-day they recall a forgotten passage of Lever complaining of the literary raiders into Connaught "driving preys of ghost-stories and taking blackmail of songs, legend-hunters, whim-catchers, trait-trappers." This particular raid has yielded a harvest of the old learn-

Visions and Beliefs

ing, untinged by the Board School, of the old charms and cures not yet replaced by hygienic lectures, and of second-sight undimmed by State-provided spectacles. The people speak English with a simple and prophetic precision, as in the end of a fisherman's tale, "those were no right gulls and the ship was no living ship!" There is a Greek tragedy in the sentence, "Who wouldn't go to hell for a cure if one of his own was sick?" To an old woman once beautiful, Raftery, the Gaelic poet whose corpse was waked by angels, had said, "Well planed you are: the carpenter that planed you knew his trade." Though there is feud between the healers and the priests, the priest was wise who did not forbid the beautiful charm which ran: "Charm of St. Peter, Charm of St. Paul: an angel brought it from Rome. The similitude of Christ suffering death, and all suffering goes with Him and into the flax." A visionary people describe their world in a mixture of theology and folklore. We learn that the Banshee cries for only six families, including the Hynes, O'Briens and Fahys, but the Banshee is "Rachel mourning still for every innocent of the earth that is going to die like as she did for our Lord." The Twentieth Century need not have taken away her profession.

St. Malachy is finding his historical level in H. J. Lawlor's careful edition of his *Life* by St. Bernard (S.P.C.K.), who as a Saint and a foreigner wrote one of those biographies which may have consoled the Middle Dark Ages for the lack of Sunday papers and the serial memoirs of contemporaries. Among the Saints he was Malachy, but to mortal Gaels Maellaedhoig Ua Morgair, a family which, according to Colgan, became known as Doherty. His mother was probably an O'Hanratty. He was the great "Romanizer" who knit the threads of the Celtic dispensation into a Roman discipline, obtained the first palliums for Ireland and marked diocesan limits which endure to this day. Sentences in the Introduction throw sidelight on the twelfth which for the Irish Church was the most remarkable of centuries. For instance, "Lanfranc had won the O'Briens to the Romanizing side."

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Irish Sees were full of founders' kin or Coarbs which accounts for eight "married Metropolitans" at Armagh. In Malachy's Reformation a great advance was made when Cellach combined the titles of "Bishop of Armagh and as well as Coarb of Patrick." The alienated insignia were thus brought into the hands of the Catholic bishop. In a sense Dr. Davidson is the Coarb of Augustine and may happily remain a "married Metropolitan" unless he also became a Catholic bishop. Much racial and local confusion Malachy cleared up. The Diocese of Down and Connor represents a partition between two tribes in N.E. Ulster. He died in the arms of Bernard on his way to obtain the pallium for Armagh and Cashel. Rome sent no less than four, including one for Dublin; a masterly stroke, for "the pall at once separated it from Canterbury and united it with Ireland." The same Synod "gave Ireland a paper constitution of the approved Roman and Catholic type," a paper which has never been scrapped.

To describe Malachy as a "Romanizer" in the sense that Cardinal Wiseman could have been described in our days does not modify the Roman Catholicism of the Patrician establishment. Professor Bury noted that the historical Patrick fulfilled fairly the notions entertained by Roman divines. Dr. Newport White's account of *St. Patrick's Writings and Life* (S.P.C.K.) takes the *Romani* of Patrick's exhortation to the Irish in the civil sense. "The Holy Roman Empire expresses one of the ideals in which St. Patrick lived." But the Empire connoted the Church and it is as difficult to believe Patrick was not a Roman Catholic as that a missionary, who exhorts, say, Uganda to join the British Empire could not be a fervent Anglican. Dr. White's version is scholarly and not controversial. It gives us the cue to Bury's masterpiece. At the meeting of Bury the Irishman and Bury the devotee of the Roman Empire history wrote the simple word, Patrick!

Another Celtic Saint has been studied by Lucy Menzies in *St. Columba of Iona* (Dent) which is based on a

St. Columba

larger Columban bibliography than has been made before. The make-up and selection of the narrative leaves nothing to be desired, but there is a naïve attempt, characteristic of modern hagiology, to protestantize the Celtic Church. The absorption of the Celtic Church into the Roman obedience, with which it already shared doctrine, is a famous chapter of church history. Interesting as the Celtic rites and rules were, it is hardly fair to speak of Wilfrid as "the Judas of the band, for it was largely owing to his action that the work of the Celtic Church in England came to an end." Cuthbert is also marked as a defaulter, for at Ripon "he transferred his allegiance to Rome and ceased to be a spiritual son of the Celtic Church!"

This recalls the notice posted in Ripon Cathedral that "Wilfrid Abbot of the Monastery of Ripon founded by Scottish monks, who were themselves the product of Irish not of Roman Christianity, built the first Church here." In their anxiety to disown German relationship patriotic writers are proving that the modern Englishman is more a Celt than an Anglo-Saxon. Religious writers appear to be in an even greater difficulty, for to escape from the dilemma of attributing the national religion to a German or Roman origin they take refuge in Irish Christianity! A thesis we are willing to accept, but the doctrinal difference between Roman and Irish cannot have been so tremendous, for even our author finds "it is difficult to understand the heat of controversy raised over such apparently unimportant points." Among the authorities quoted is the fine *Life* of Columcille compiled by Manus O'Donnell in 1532, which has been edited and translated by A. O'Kelleher and G. Shoepperle for the University of Illinois. This famous manuscript contains the fullest and most picturesque account of the Saint. It was originally purchased by Rawlinson in the Eighteenth Century for 23s., which was cheap even then for eighty folios of vellum, and it has slumbered in the Bodleian Library until the munificence of the Irish Foundation of Chicago enabled an American University to produce the Irish and English text together. This fine

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edition costs more than the vellum cost Rawlinson and marks the first considerable contribution from America to Celtic letters since Geoffrey Keating's *History* was translated in New York by John O'Mahoney, the Fenian Head Centre.

S. L.

EVERY thinker with the slightest leaning (or antipathy) to either Socialism or Christianity would be the better for reading *Christian Socialism*, 1843-1854, by Dean Raven, of Emmanuel, Cambridge (Macmillan), a very timely book on two highly interesting subjects. When Pusey said that he and Frederick Maurice "did not believe in the same God," and Frederick Maurice ("for all his diffidence") agreed, they merely summed up what was felt by every Nineteenth Century Tractarian about every Nineteenth Century Broad Churchman, and vice versa. The Tractarians (with whom we are, if anything, over-familiar) were all for Faith, Tradition, the Sacraments, the corporate life of the Church. The Broad Churchmen (who are worth far more attention from Catholics than they have yet received) stood out for Works, the Gospel, individual union with God, individual propaganda. It mattered too, and fiercely, with the lesser fry on both sides, that the Tractarians were Oxford and Tory, the Broad Churchmen Cambridge and Liberal. But the main point to notice is that each had seized on a complementary aspect of the Catholic Faith, and each could see quite plainly that the other had not got the whole armour of God, but was a shield or a breastplate short. "O that our High Churchmen would but be Catholics!" said Maurice. "At present they seem to me three parts Papist and one part Protestant; but the *tertium quid*, the glorious product of each element, so different from both, I cannot discern even in the best of them."

This stroke of acumen, if nothing else, should arouse Catholic interest in the pioneer of Christian Socialism. It is not unfruitful even now to speculate what might

Christian Socialism, 1843-54

have happened had God given us Frederick Dennison Maurice instead of (or better still, as well as,) John Henry Newman. The former was, as Stubbs says, certainly the most representative, if not the greatest Anglican theologian of his day; a theologian, moreover, with a philosophical pedigree reaching back through the Cambridge Platonists *via* Colet and Erasmus to Origen and Clement of Alexandria; a theologian, too, with an unparalleled following of men of letters and social reformers; a single-hearted, if rather nebulous, idealist, whose disciples and fellow-workers included Tennyson and Browning, Ford Madox Brown and Rossetti, Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes, Mrs. Gaskell and that protagonist of the homes of the poor, Octavia Hill. He stands, a somewhat pathetic little figure, bowed and scarred in the heart-breaking service of humanity, alongside the ironic brigand-hatted Carlyle on the right-hand side of Madox Brown's great "Work" in the Manchester Gallery. "These," wrote the artist, "are the brain-workers, who seeming to be idle, work, and are the cause of well-ordained work in others."

This does not sound much like Socialism as we know it; and, indeed, the Christian Socialist movement as originated by Maurice and Ludlow was far more Christian than Socialist. "We did not adopt the word Christian merely as a qualifying adjective," wrote Maurice. They might have let the noun go by the board and been very little the worse. Socialism only exists in defect of Christianity, and the Broad Churchmen's preliminary challenge to Victorian industrialism reads almost like a rough sketch for the *Rerum Novarum*. "'Parson Lot' (Kingsley) whose three letters (in 'Politics for the People') were generally reckoned the most advanced and dangerous utterances in the paper, is almost wholly occupied in emphasizing the peril of mistaking false for true freedom and of preferring material to ultimate well-being. Though calling himself a 'radical reformer,' he is bent much more upon individual than upon political reform; and in this he speaks for them all."

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Then, too, they hated hoardings and platforms. Being one with their cause, they naturally scorned to advertise either. What Maurice and Octavia Hill would have said to the religious *réclame* of to-day is unthinkable. In their time it was called "push," a thing to be exorcized at all costs. Souls, as St. John says, are to be "drawn"—they may even, as St. Augustine suggests, be "ravished"—to God : but not "pushed."

Unluckily there was this much of Socialism about Maurice's followers—the less Christian of them undoubtedly hoped that in time all superiorities, whether of purse or mind, would vanish; and that the last aristocrat would drop off, leaving the paramount working-man to manage his own affairs. They wished, that is—with a sincerity which seems incredible nowadays—to eliminate themselves : and in so far as they were allowed to do so their work fell to pieces. The Associated Workshops, with which they hoped to effect the peaceful penetration of industry, came to grief ; speedily among the self-seeking Londoners, more lingeringly in the far-sighted North. Maurice, "who never (said Ludlow) rose above the Aristophanic idea of the *demos*," was right. The first modern essay in Guild Socialism proved one thing completely. That the one essential guild was a Guild of Rulers.

How the Working Men's College was begun when the Associations failed, in a last brave effort to render the workers more fit for self-government ; and how it enlisted the help of Ruskin and gave his thought (hitherto mainly æsthetic) that sociological turn whose value is fast regaining the recognition it should never have lost—all this is summarized or suggested in the last chapter of Dean Raven's book. Greater stress might have been laid, we think, on the intellectual penetration of England which more than made up for the material reverses of men who dreaded above all things the reign of an expert materialism. And talking of expert materialism, our one quarrel with Dean Raven is that he has allowed himself to be unduly deflected by Mrs. Sidney Webb's somewhat perverse and ill-informed estimate of the Christian Socialists. He

Defence of Liberty

need not have put himself out. The normal world (what there is left of it) is weary alike of Collectivists without hearts and Anarchists without heads, and only longs to see something less monstrous. That is why we welcome this book. True, Kingsley has always been a bit of a bug-bear to Catholics. But Professor Raven has gone halfway towards stripping him of his terrors. "The irrelevant and crudely argued controversy over Roman Catholicism," he says, "forces upon us that side of his activities which his admirers would gladly forget." Surely with his opponents it is already forgotten!

H. P. E.

"**F**OG," says Mr. Brett, "is the keynote of our century." We doubt if his *Defence of Liberty* (T. Fisher Unwin) will serve to dispel it. Mr. Brett's main propositions appear to be: (1) That Liberty is the end of government; (2) That the "tendencies of Democracy" involve a secular conflict between those who, cherishing individual liberty, seek ever to enlarge it, and those who, more attached to institutions, shrink from adventures that seem to threaten their stability, and therefore that any division of political parties on lines other than these is artificial and transitory.

When these two propositions are placed side by side, the reflection immediately occurs that Mr. Brett expects no general acceptance for his idea of the ultimate aim of government, since he conceives of one of the only two bodies of political opinion whose existence he finds tolerable in a Democracy as permanently repudiating that idea. This is to take a low view of the compelling quality of Truth, of the force of accumulated experience, and of the common sense of mankind. One begins to suspect that if his second proposition is true, Liberty can scarcely be the end of government, but rather a means to an end: and indeed, Mr. Brett's own reasoning is at times not unclouded by a similar suspicion—as where he says that "Order and progress are the criterion of good government," and then proceeds to quote with approval Mill's

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statement that "Order is the preservation of all kinds and amounts of good that already exist and progress consists in the increase of them." He has thereby opened the door to a new idea of capital importance—the idea of Good. If he permits to governors this dangerous pre-occupation with Good, we wonder if they can be depended upon to remember always that "the end of government is that the private individual should not feel the pressure of public authority." Can it be that Good is the real end, that it coincides with the greatest possible measure of individual happiness for the citizens (which is not very far from the Benthamite "greatest good of the greatest number"), and that Liberty should be considered as only one element in that happiness, though an important one? If so, it would be easier to understand a permanent division between temperaments to which that element is specially attractive and those to which other elements make a greater appeal. It would be easier, too, to justify Mr. Brett's startling description of the Romans as "unfit" for Liberty; for if Liberty be the end of government, we do not seem to need nor do we know where to find any criterion of fitness for it, whereas, if it be a means only, we can appreciate that it may not always and everywhere be the right means to use. Moreover, Mr. Brett would then be free to say what, regardless of consistency, he does in fact at one point say—"Laws and States merely exist for the purpose of increasing the private happiness of those who live under them and in them." On the other hand, such a modification of his position might seriously interfere with Mr. Brett's identification of Progress with "an ever increasing measure of Liberty." He might be disposed to associate it rather with an increasing measure of happiness, and to admit that progressive tendencies are not inconsistent with a refusal to accept the freedom of the individual from state pressure as the thing that matters most. Since he regards political philosophy as "a contradiction in terms," we may be pardoned for accepting the internal evidence that he has taken his foundations too much for granted. In place

Defence of Liberty

of a philosophic inquiry he gives us quick analyses of the doctrines of Machiavelli, Rousseau, Bentham and Marx and of the constitutions of Athens and Sparta, all with a view to showing that the admission of any political ideal in place of that of liberty produces what he calls the "static state," the state which contains no progressive principle within itself. His advocacy throughout is of the kind that disdains any formal marshalling of arguments into a chain of reasoning and relies rather upon repetition and a lively style. While liveliness is a great merit, it is liable to misuse, and Mr. Brett is not without sin in this respect. Three allusions to Mr. Lloyd George as a wizard may be endured with a little weariness, but it will not do to sneer at Plato as a "self-appointed teacher of mankind." What in the name of Liberty does "self-appointed" mean?

Turning now to the theory about the natural arrangement of political parties in a democracy, we should like to have some evidence presented that the alignments of parties in the various existing democracies show a family resemblance. Mr. Brett compares the Republicans of the U.S. to our Conservatives and the Democrats to our Liberals, but he does not develop this rather questionable analogy nor does he tell us anything of parties in France, Italy and Scandinavian countries.

Failing this information, we should like it made clear that before the war (to which Mr. Brett attributes the present eclipse of "Liberalism") there was, even in England and even ignoring the I.L.P., a division of parties more or less on the lines which he thinks proper and natural. But he makes no attempt to prove this. Was the Liberal Party before the war at all what Mr. Brett thinks the Liberal Party ought to be? Was its notion of progress at all like Mr. Brett's? And are, say, State education, State Old Age Pensions, State control of licensing, State feeding of school children, State limitation of hours of working, State regulation of the minimum wage, to be regarded as progressive or as reactionary policies? In favouring such were Liberals being false to their ideal,

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or was that ideal perhaps something other than the freedom of the individual from State pressure? Mr. Brett, indeed, accepts State action with a view to a fairer distribution of wealth as consistent with Liberal principles, but it is clearly not less consistent with the distrust of Liberty and the effort to enforce State control which he regards as the signs of both Conservatism and Socialism. It looks, then, as if Home Rule and Free Trade were the only distinctively Liberal (in Mr. Brett's sense) features of the pre-war Liberal programme. And nowadays we are all Home Rulers, while the other controversy is settling itself on the basis of protecting "key" industries and those alone.

Further, we doubt whether the Conservative party before the war was as Mr. Brett imagines it, nor do we see one party now "foolishly elated at the discomfiture of its ancient rival." Certainly the present Government, with its adult suffrage, lavish unemployment doles, bread and other subsidies, and vast housing schemes, hardly strikes one as typically Conservative in either Mr. Brett's sense or any other. It may display "Imperialism" in allowing Black and Tans to burn and shoot, but it was a Liberal Government that allowed Ulster to arm and bowed the knee to the Curragh mutineers, and the difference is perhaps one rather of degree than of kind. The old Conservatism seems to us at least as dead as the old Liberalism.

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Brett in deploring a possible conversion of British politics into a battle between Capital and Labour. We cannot feel, however, that he has made out his case or has shown enough regard for facts to compensate for his contempt of philosophy. Nevertheless, we welcome his book, not alone because it will stimulate thought upon subjects of immense importance, but because it reveals a singularly attractive personality.

F. M.

Initiative in Evolution

FORTY years ago Huxley proclaimed to a critical world, "Evolution is no longer an hypothesis, it is an historical fact." This is now an accepted truth. There is no longer any controversy as to the fact of evolution, but there is still considerable discussion as to how evolution has been brought about. There are Variationists and Mutationists, but I see no difficulty in reconciling these contending schools. May not both be right? May not variation and mutation have both played their part not only in different classes of living organisms but in the same classes at different times? Dr. Walter Kidd's *Initiative in Evolution* (Witherby), is a valuable contribution to this discussion. A large part of the work is devoted to the consideration of the question of the inheritance of acquired modifications. The precise question is: "*Can a structural change in the body, induced by some change in use or disuse, or by a change in surrounding influence, affect the germ-cells in such a specific or representative way that the offspring will through its inheritance exhibit, even in a slight degree, the modification which the parent acquired?*"

Many great authorities like Weismann, Ray Lankester and Bateson deny the possibility of such inheritance. Dr. Kidd, with Lamarck, Francis Darwin, and a growing body of recent opinion, maintains that such inheritance can and does take place. He tries to establish his case, firstly, by actual experimental proof of transmission, and secondly, by a collection of facts which cannot be otherwise interpreted. Among other interesting and easily observed things he describes the effects produced by the pressure of the harness on the arrangement of the hair on the body of the horse. He shows that this pressure going on for ages has modified in various ways the natural arrangement of the hair, and that these modifications are in many cases inherited by the unharnessed foal. He successfully answers any objections that may be brought against the obvious conclusion.

Considerable space is devoted to the consideration of the arrangement of the hair on many animals, including

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man. Alterations in the natural arrangement of the hair may take the form of a whorl, a feather or a crest. These alterations, due to habit or use, are brought about by the action of the underlying muscles and are now inherited by the offspring. As a side-issue, after describing modifications brought about by muscular action in the hairs and wrinkles about the eyebrows and forehead of man, he points out how these modifications may serve as an index to the character or habits of the individual. In searching for facts Dr. Kidd does not confine himself to man and domestic animals, he levies contributions from the mountain and the jungle and brings together a body of argument that seems unanswerable. In selecting his facts he bears in mind his own dictum that there is nothing so misleading as facts, except statistics, and he reminds us of the saying of a French writer, "That in such inquiries as this we should be careful lest we find the facts for which we are looking."

Exception must be taken to some of his statements, for instance, on page 111, he says, "Something has occurred in the course of man's descent from the ape to interfere very sharply with the course of the hair." Evolution does not now teach that man has descended from the ape.

The author is a man of broad views and has a mind enriched with much learning. He wields a facile pen. His style is readable although at times prolix and diffuse. He treats his adversaries with a gracious courtesy. He states his facts and unfolds his arguments with refreshing modesty. "All our knowledge," he says, "is provisional and imperfect, and much of our ignorance is as transient as ourselves."

J. Mc.N.

IT is more important to the reader and student to watch a thinker unwontedly using his eyes than to find an observer unwontedly using his wits. The thinker at his work of vigilance—of travelled vigilance especially—has prepared us by the wisdom and wit, the intellect, we know of him, to trust the intelligence of his eyes; whereas

The New Jerusalem

we are inclined to advise the mere impressionist who is beginning a course of reasoning to stick to his impressions. And never has the greater quality of intellect more evidently implied and proved the lesser quality of intelligence than in Mr. Chesterton's new book, *The New Jerusalem* (Hodder and Stoughton). As the record of a pilgrimage it has the value of a grave impartiality that rebukes alike the facile emotion of some devotees and the facile criticisms of most tourists. He, being just, knows that there is no derogation even in the fees expected of travellers in the Holy Places by their poor guardians. That is, he knows fairly well what a Franciscan friar is, and why he is there. The eagerness to be shocked by the differences of Latin and Greek Christians and by the order kept by the Turk, which is common to the sightseer, has never moved Mr. Chesterton; nor has he shrunk, in the Garden, or on Calvary, or at the Sepulchre, from the inevitable little surprise of the narrow places, the sort of constraint that, illogically enough, some travellers have found to make the sites even more incredible, the tradition even more untrustworthy, than they had foreseen. The space is narrow indeed. There is nothing in geography or topography more local, more concentrated, more gathered in, than these scenes in Jerusalem. It is an excusable folly that would imagine the Crucifixion on an Alp, the Ascension on a Mount Everest. The usual sightseer finds some irony in that small scale of things, as well as in all the incredibilities (or so he thinks them), in all inconsistencies (or so he holds them), in any religious quarrels that he notes, and in the obvious tawdriness of the decoration of sanctuaries. It is not easy to understand why that irony should give him, as it does, a certain pleasure. Now Mr. Chesterton accepts any such ironies simply as a human accident. He does not take the national satisfaction in them; the tawdriness of church ornaments is as obvious to him as to others, but he has a level international sense of things such as the Albert Memorial.

As a thinker the author of *The New Jerusalem* has

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studied the religion of the Moslem and the history, ancient and modern, of the Jew. He gives to a reader whose mind has been apt to swerve away from certain records of Old Testament history the courage of his steady Apology in several invaluable pages. He turns our eyes on what is most significant in the character, the date, the domesticity of Islam. Perceiving at a glance that all visible human things are, in the East, symbols, he is the observer of the public beauty and dignity of the Mohammedan man, the public beauty and dignity of the Christian woman; of the colours of the East that have the delicacy, the slight admixture, so much prized in England in the "æsthetic" days of the later Nineteenth Century; of the differences of the Jews—the Jew of Rembrandt, the Jew of Mr. Sargent, the Jew of the present Jerusalem street; of the splendour of a Greek Patriarch hung all over with historic emeralds and gold; of the "prosaic" and jog-trot good nature of the Roman monks. He sees the sons of St. Francis to be, in this coloured East, "both busy and obscure," and "perpetually appealing to common sense"; appraises the cross of the Orthodox, the crucifix of the Catholic; and so forth through a multitude of pages proving keen and grave eyesight. "We are symbols and inhabit symbols," says Emerson; we are symbols as it were secretly, shall we say? in New England, clamorously in Asia. Mr. Chesterton is nothing if not careful, a truth that will be new to readers who in regard to him have not been careful at all. He is frankly an anti-Semite, but it is not because of anti-Semitism that he contemplates with interest the unlooked-for fact of a kind of anti-Jew alliance between native Moslems and native Christians. He was present at certain riots in Jerusalem. One banner bore the inscription, "Moslems and Christians are brothers." He read the words but did not adopt them. "The sovereignty of these lands will have to be Christian, and neither Moslem nor Jewish." "But in the meetings that led to the riots it is the more Moslem part of the mixed crowds that I chiefly remember; which touches the . . . truth

The New Jerusalem

that the Christians are the more potentially tolerant." Here is, *à propos*, Mr. Chesterton "in his mood":

I first saw from the balcony of the hotel the crowds of rioters come rolling up the street. In front of them went two fantastic figures turning like teetotums in an endless dance and twirling two crooked and naked scimitars, as the Irish were supposed to twirl shillelaghs. I thought it a delightful way of opening a political meeting; and I wished that instead of the wearisome business of Mr. Bonar Law taking the chair, and Mr. Lloyd George addressing the meeting, Mr. Law and Mr. Lloyd George would only hop and caper in front of a procession spinning round and round until they were dizzy, and waving and crossing a pair of umbrellas in a thousand invisible patterns . . . This is not the sort of rhythm nor the sort of religion by which I myself should hope to save the soul; but it is intensely interesting to the mind and even to the eye.

It is, as was said above, that gravity of mind and that brilliance of eye that make this traveller a looker-on to be thought of, a thinker to be observed in all the happy suggestions of his humour. The book opens long avenues of thought; few are the readers who can do more than perceive that there is an end, made difficult not by mist but by distance. Mr. Chesterton sets the problem before his readers, acknowledging not less but more of its secret because he sees far. At the close of the day of riot he ends:

A voice not of my senses but rather sounding heavily in my heart seemed to be repeating sentences like pessimistic proverbs. There is no place for the Temple of Solomon but on the ruins of the Mosque of Omar. There is no place for the nation of the Jews but in the country of the Arabs. And those whispers came to me first not as intellectual conclusions . . . but rather as hints of something immediate and menacing and yet mysterious. I felt almost a momentary impulse to flee from the place, like one who has received an omen. For two voices had met in my ears; and within the same narrow space and in the same dark hour, electric and yet eclipsed with cloud, I had heard Islam crying from the turret and Israel wailing at the wall.

For there was the weeping-place of the Jews, and from

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the towers at every corner sounded the clear voices of the Moslem call to prayer.

As to the demands of the tourist for the picturesque, the traditional, the beautiful: it is the people's town; "they have to live in it, not We." Mr. Chesterton supposes an eloquent Abyssinian Christian holding up his hand to stop the motor-omnibuses from going down Fleet Street "on the ground that the thoroughfare was sacred to the simpler locomotion of Dr. Johnson. We should be pleased at the African's appreciation of Johnson; but our pleasure would not be unmixed." The ill-luck of modern conveniences—their ugliness, for instance—is due to the times, and not to the places.

On his way to the Holy Land Mr. Chesterton made his first study of the East; he met the eyes of the Sphinx and watched the living figures of the desert, the group of the Flight into Egypt recurring often, with the difference that, according to Arab customs, it is the St. Joseph who rides the ass, and the mother who walks after, carrying other things besides the child. An Englishman relates that our "Tommies" used to call to the lord and master: "Hi, Mahomet, give the missus a chance!"

In a graver sense than any other modern book can claim, *The New Jerusalem* implies a history of the world. Its three hundred pages contain at least one book in every two pages. It is as discursive and various as it is concentrated and essential. Let the reader take the several chapters in their several greatness. As has been indicated in the present brief notes, his study will be lightened by many a humorous fancy such as no other man has been blessed with. Mr. Chesterton must be fairly tired of the word paradox which he has had to endure from the "indolent reviewers" ever since he began to turn things over. He does turn a great number of things over, after he has determined to leave a yet greater and graver number steadied and stilled, whether by their weight or by their roots. And those that he is accused of reversing he does in fact reverse, because he

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found them wrong side up, and they had to be put wrong side down. He found paradoxes rather than made them. But for this truth it would have been a pleasure to omit for once this overworked word in a note on something of Mr. Chesterton's writing. When the reviewers repeat this charge against him, it is impossible not to perceive that some vague accusation of insincerity goes with it. We seem to be told that Mr. Chesterton writes a paradox because he likes it better than a truth. But his sincerity is so entire that it is impassioned. It can speak dogma, but it can also hesitate and suffer. It is the august sincerity of a mind aware—instantly aware in all its experiences. The sense of his responsibility is moving, is touching, to the attentive reader. We need his blithe humour to relieve us of something like the pain of sympathy. And thus we rise from reading these memorable pages, repeating our pleasure in finding that such a student has such humour, that such a pilgrim is such a traveller, and—once more—that such a thinker has such eyes.

A. M.

IT is well worth while calling the attention of Catholic students to the series of *Helps for Students of History*, which are being issued by the indefatigable S.P.C.K. There are short references to the material in the British Museum and the Record Office, which should be within reach of Catholic historians. We note for instance that "the papers of Cardinal Gualterio, Protector of the English Catholics and Nuncio (1700-1706) at the Court of France are rich in information on the exiled Stuarts." The Record Office should still afford material on Wolsey, for instance, "the Cardinal's bundles" referring to the religious houses surrendered to him. Here, too, are the Recusancy Rolls, illustrating the pinpricks as well as the persecutions suffered by Catholics, and "most interesting ecclesiastically" are the Papal Registers of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries.

The most engrossing of the series are Dr. James's romantic account of the wandering of manuscripts, and Claude

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Jenkins' Ecclesiastical Records, giving a striking picture of the ecclesiastical scribes: "We may become their critics: we shall not cease to be their debtors." Catholic survivals are curious to note: for instance, Latin only gave way to English in the Canterbury Registers as late as 1733. Archbishop's Option in a suffragan diocese became disposable by will after the Reformation, so that "we find Mrs. Cornwallis presenting to several benefices after her husband's death." Licences to eat meat in Lent were dispensed at Lambeth until the Seventeenth Century, and even the Mediaeval Bishops' licences to practise midwifery. Well-searched registers often betray a human touch. It is worth recording with the unknown scribe that Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, "In businesses of this kind and in others shewed himself gentlemanly to everybody and very rarely makes himself difficile." This venerable gentleman was one of the Archbishops whose blood lies on the English folk. Bishops' Registers record details that would not be out of date to-day. Baldock of London forbids an incorrect crucifix as he would have condemned Epstein's Christ. Grandison of Exeter condemns an improper play. Archbishop Peckham protests on behalf of tenants against excessive preserving of game. Trillick of Hereford publishes King Edward's despatch from Crecy.

The reports of the Historical MSS. Commission are well systematized. It is well to know where are the papers of the Nuncio Rinucinni (Holkham in Norfolk), or the Tresham Papers which were hurriedly walled up on the eve of the Gunpowder Plot, and throw "much light upon the views of the loyal Roman Catholic party" since their rediscovery in 1828.